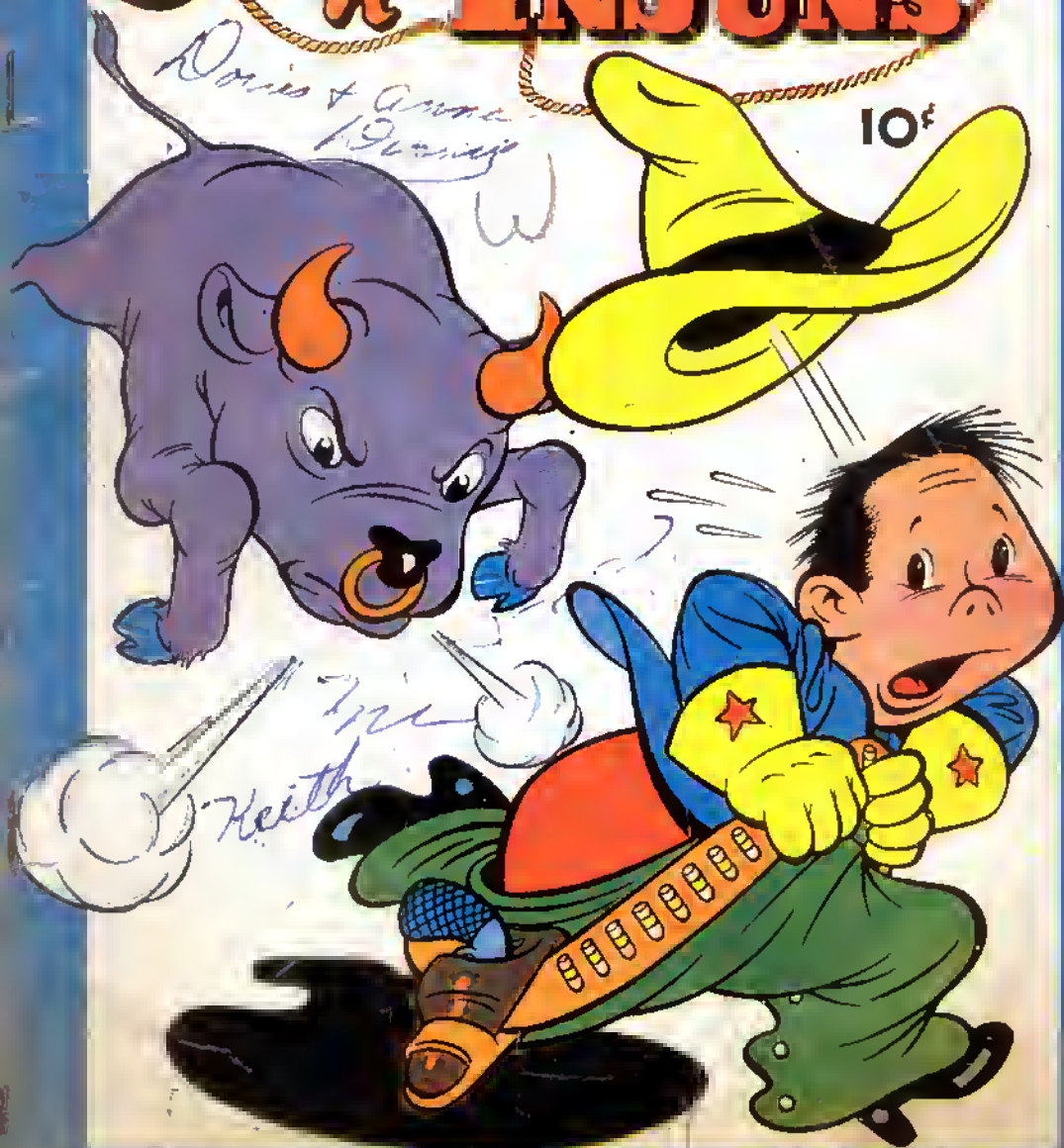


NO. 3

COWBOYS 'n' INJUNS

*Doris & Anne
1944*

10¢



The image is a dense collage of vintage comic book covers, primarily from the mid-20th century. The covers are arranged in a grid-like fashion, overlapping slightly. Titles visible include "Supermouse", "Startling Comics", "Jetta", "Mystery Comics", "Fantastic Tales", "Cosmo Cat", "Strange Mysteries", "Daring Adventures", "Famous Funnies", "Hilarious Raucous", "Teen-Age Sweetheart", "Duck", "Eerie", "Exciting Comics", "Casper Cat", and "Barnyard Comics". Many covers feature cartoon characters in action, such as mice, cats, and superheroes. A large, dark purple speech bubble with a white outline is centered over the collage. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a bold, white, sans-serif font. The overall aesthetic is colorful and nostalgic, representing a collection of classic comic book art.



Weazel went back to the post office. At the mail window, where he inquired every day, Weazel was given the first letter addressed to him in three years. He sat on the porch steps and tore it open. It read:

Dear Sir:

As a leading citizen of the town of Sleepy Gulch, we wish to call upon you for aid in the greatest plan since the construction of the atom bomb.

A representative will call upon you in the next few days to explain the details of this great plan. We are certain you will wish to be of assistance in this wonderful opportunity to serve your part of the country.

Sincerely yours,
Acme Acme Ace Star Co., Inc.
Signed: I. Stall

THE character in the broad-brimmed hat and the tight pants walked over to the post office porch.

"They tell me yer name is Waggin' Weazel. Is there a joint fer me to bed down in tonight?"

"Wal, stranger, there's a room over at our ranch. Come on over—we'll see what Ma Stomp has ter say."

Weazel and the stranger set off down the road. The man who wanted a room certainly didn't seem like a Westerner. In fact, Weazel had never heard such strange talk. The hombre made everything sound like a smart crack. Where did he come from?

As Weazel thought, the stranger chatted on. "Slick country out here. What do ya do fer a big time?"

"We have our ways of cntertaining ourselves. Always something happenin'." Weazel didn't question the man, because out West you waited until a man felt like talking.

By this time they had arrived at the ranch and Ma Stomp came bristling out, walking as fast as though she didn't have a wooden leg. When Weazel told her what the stranger wanted—a bunk for the night—Ma looked the man over with her careful squint.

"All rightie," she finally decided. "Come right after me."

They both followed Ma to an upstairs room. The stranger explained that his suitcase was at the station. Ma Stomp and Weazel left him alone in the room.

Weazel read the missive threc times. True, he was about the leadingest citizen of the county and they had come to the right person. True, he would like to have "this wonderful opportunity to serve his part of the country!" But what was it? Did they want him to run for Senator? Then an idea struck, and Weazel was off for the ranch like a bullet.

In three minutes he was knocking on the stranger's door. When it opened, he found the man in a robe and very sleepy-eyed. He asked Weazel to come in. The stranger sat on the bed and Weazel, standing, talked fast: "Arc yuh a representative of the Acme Acme Ace Star Co.? 'Cause if yuh are, ah'm the leading citizen yuh come tuh see!"

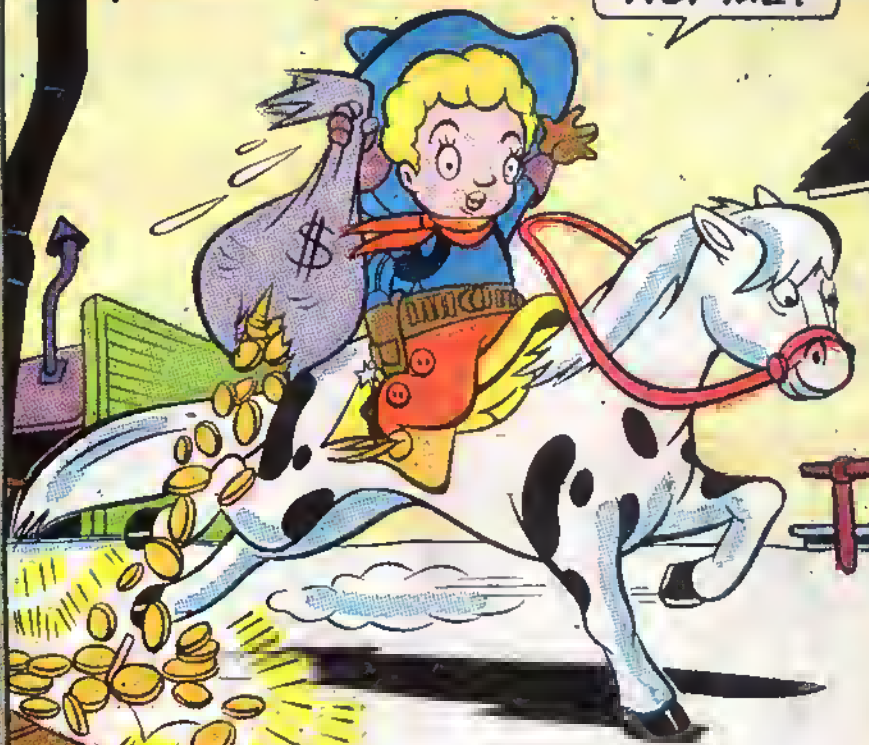
"Sorry, kid, yah must be talkin' about some other character. Never heard of this Acme outfit!"

Weazel was thunderstruck. He had been so sure! He left. In the kitchen he sat down to think. Then he thought he understood. The critter upstairs DID come from that company, but he was trying to swing a deal of his own! He was going to take his, Waggin' Weazel's, place! He was going to get credit for the plan—whatever it was. Weazel pulled out the envelope he had received and scrutinized it carefully for an address. There was none! Even the postmark was obscured.

(Continued on inside back cover)

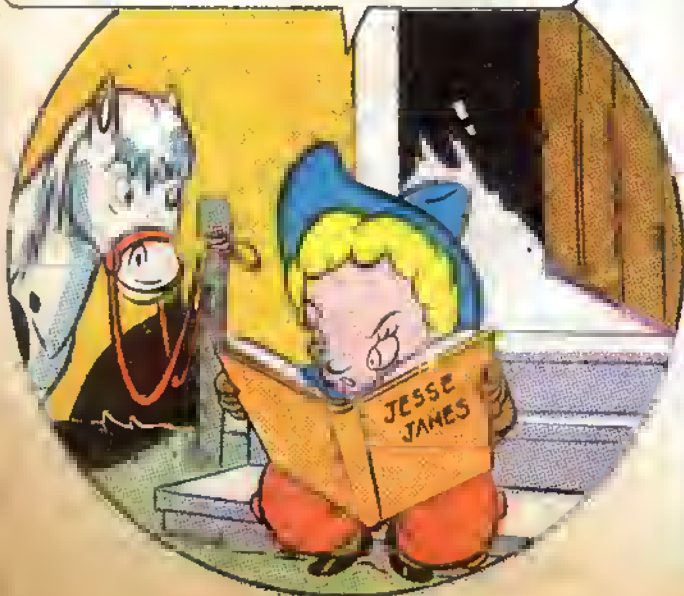
Jesse Jimmy

HA! HA! SOME OTHER ROBBER WOULD LEAVE A TRAIL BEHIND--BUT NOT ME!

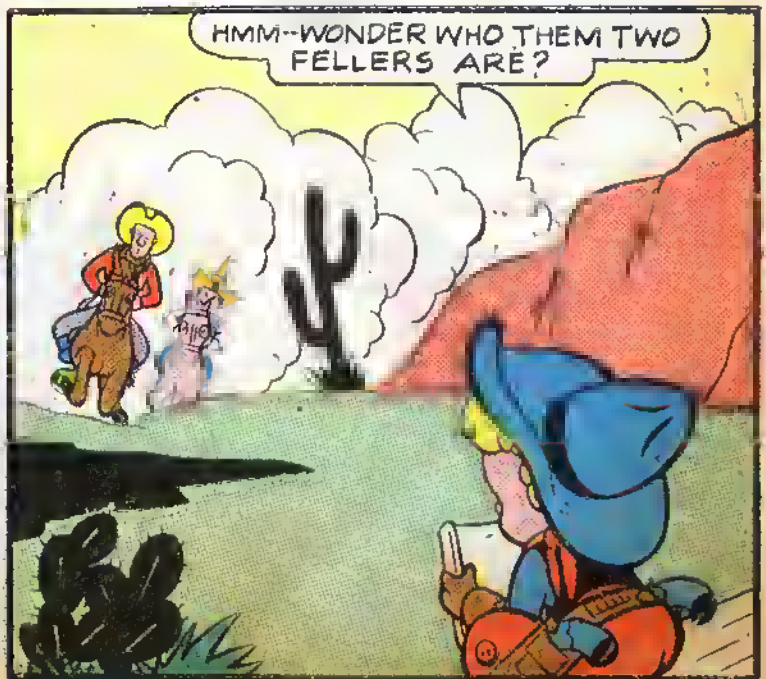


JESSE JIMMY STARTS OUT TO STICK UP A STAGE COACH BUT ENDS UP WITH INJUN TROUBLE!

GOSH! WHY CAN'T I ROB A STAGE COACH LIKE JESSE JAMES?



HMM--WONDER WHO THEM TWO FELLERS ARE?



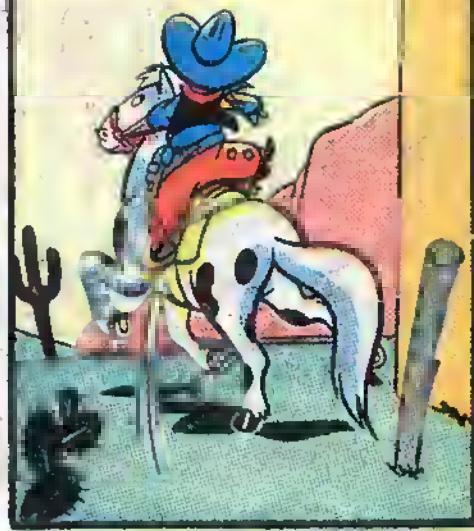
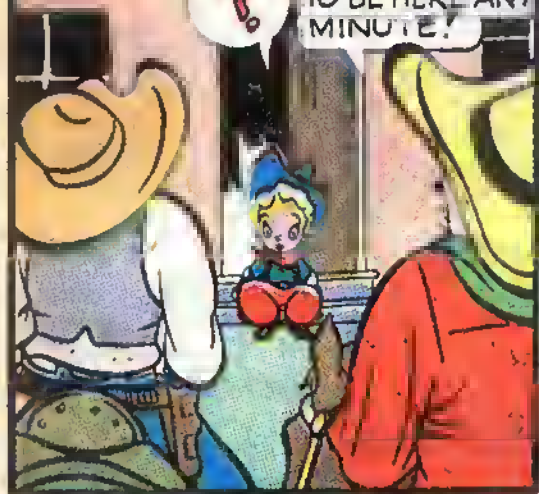
I TELL YA, SLIM,
WHAT WE NEED
IS MORE **GOLD!**

WE'RE GITTIN'
MORE GOLD!
IT'S COMIN' IN
ON THE STAGE
COACH! OUGHT
TO BE HERE ANY
MINUTE!

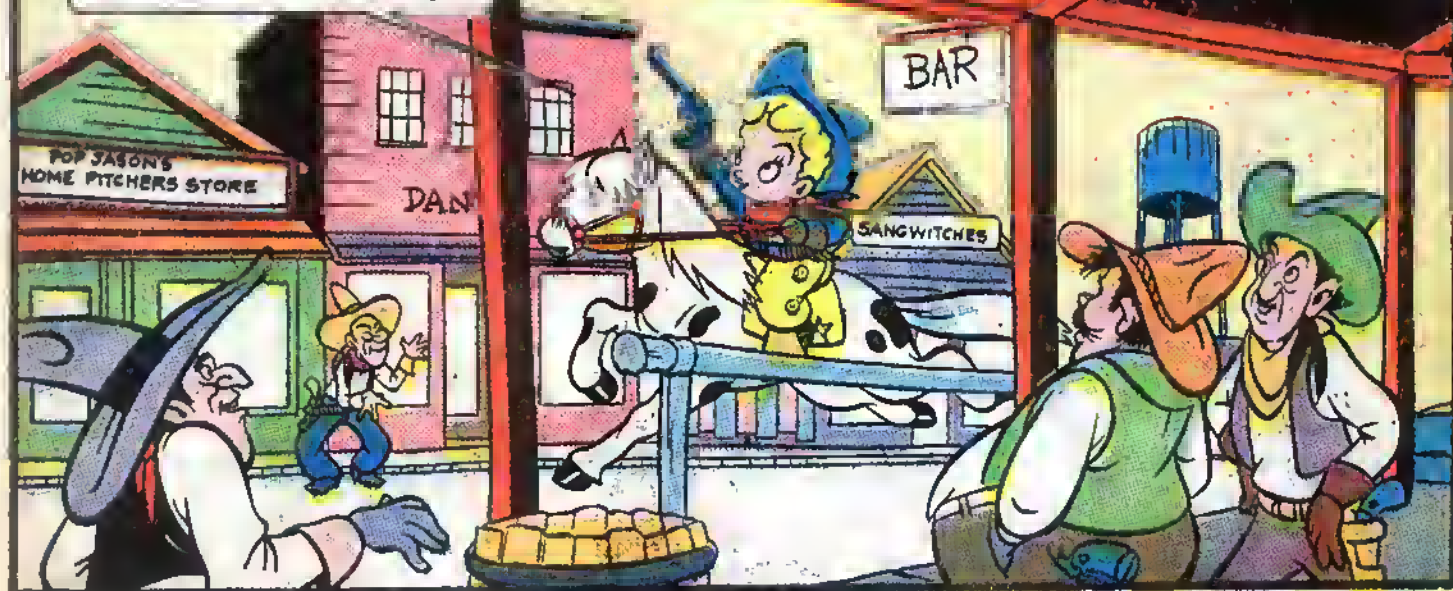
?

BY THUNDER! HERE'S
MAH CHANCE! I'LL HOLD
UP THE STAGE COACH
AND **STEAL** THE GOLD.
LIKE JESSE JAMES!

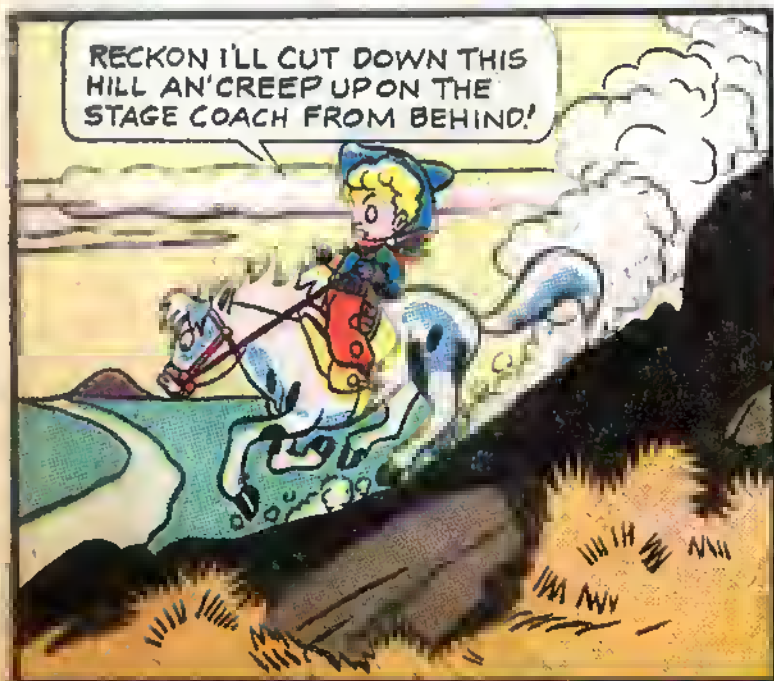
C'MON, SIXTY, OL BOY--WE
GOT WORK TO DO!



SKIDOO, SIXTY! YIPPEE!
BANG! BANG! BANG!

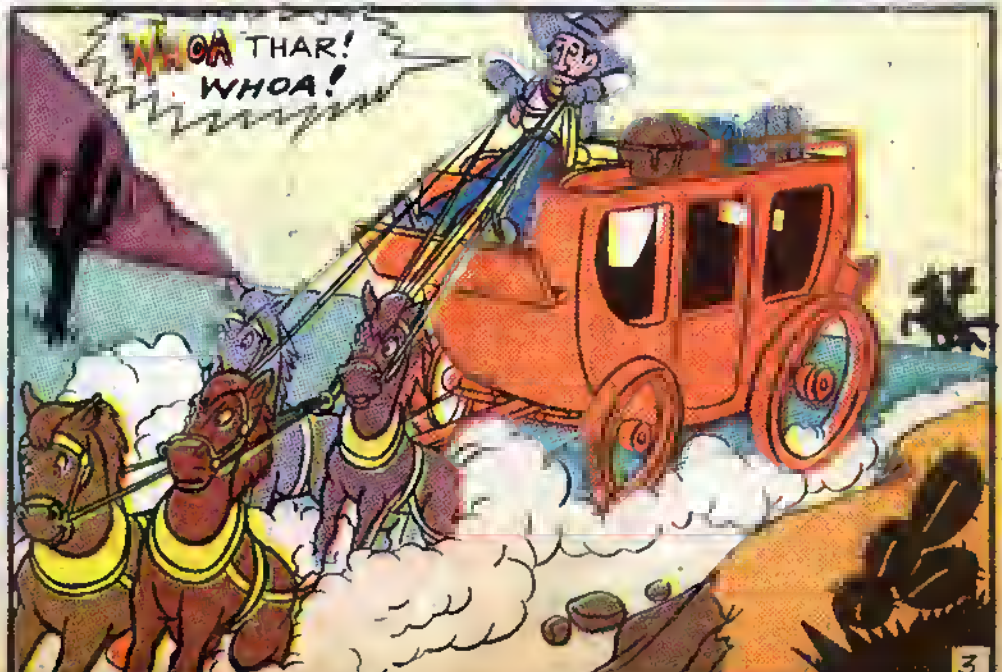
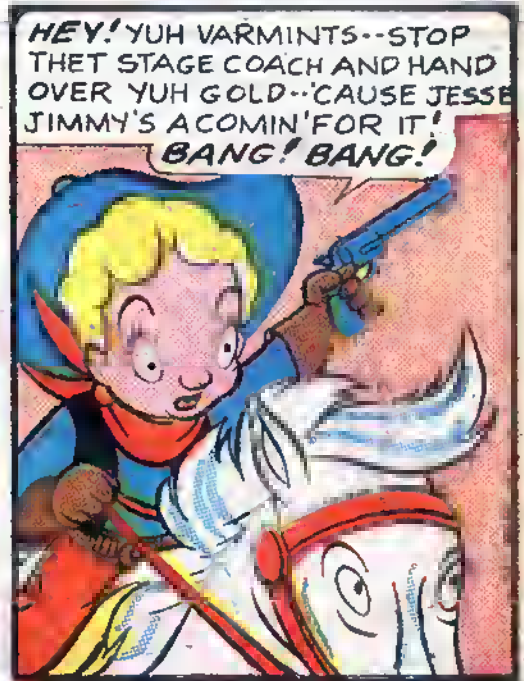
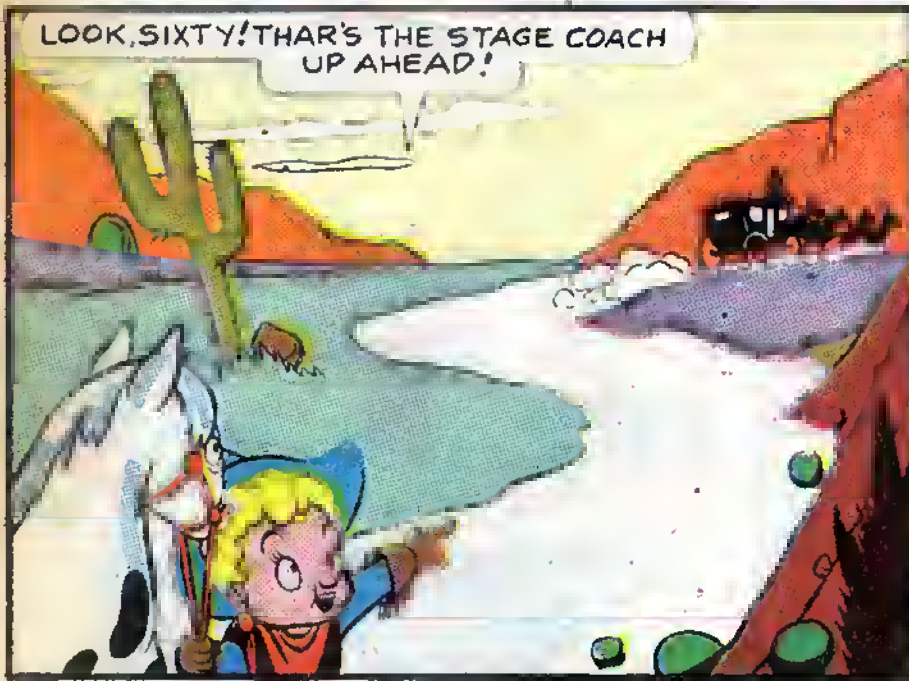
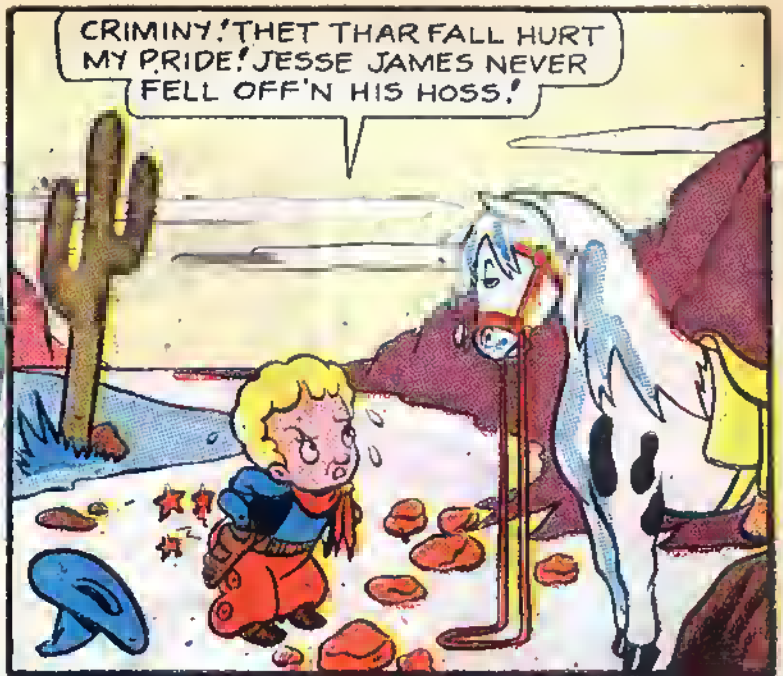


RECKON I'LL CUT DOWN THIS
HILL AN' CREEP UPON THE
STAGE COACH FROM BEHIND!

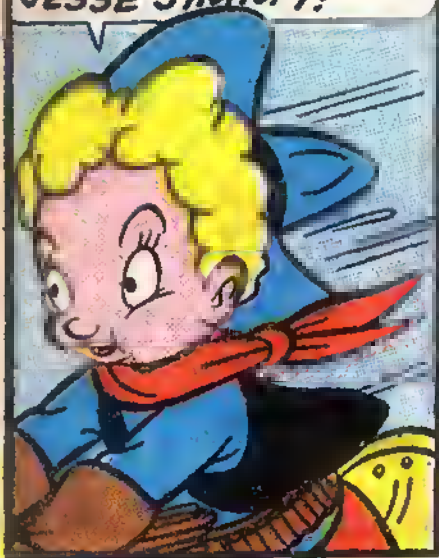


WONDER IF I C'N SEE IT FROM
HERE---- **WHOA, SIXTY!**

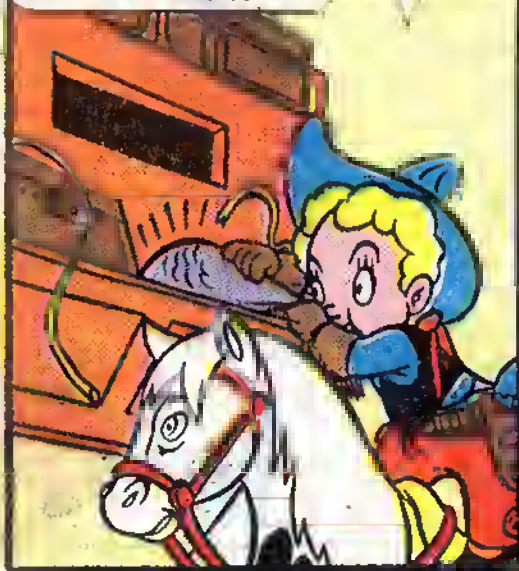




BY GINGER, THEY STOPPED!
I GUESS THEY KNOW
BETTER'N TUH FOOL WITH
JESSE JIMMY!



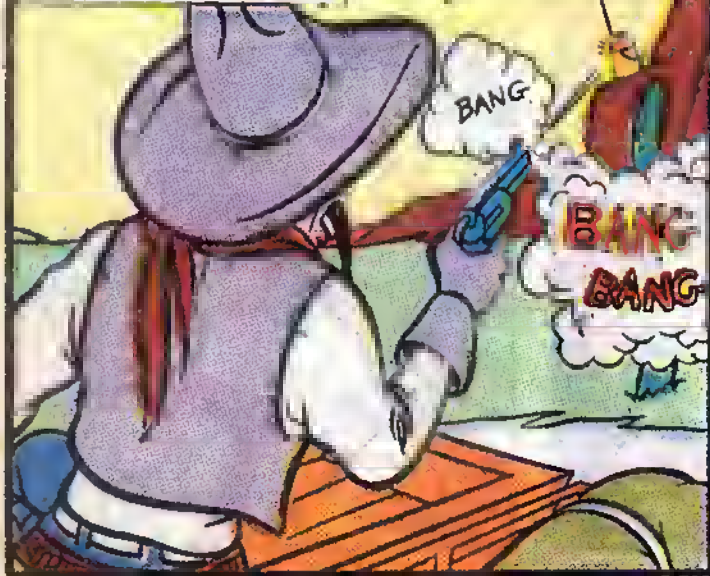
HOT DOG! HERE'S THE BAG OF
GOLD RIGHT ON THE BACK
O' THE COACH!



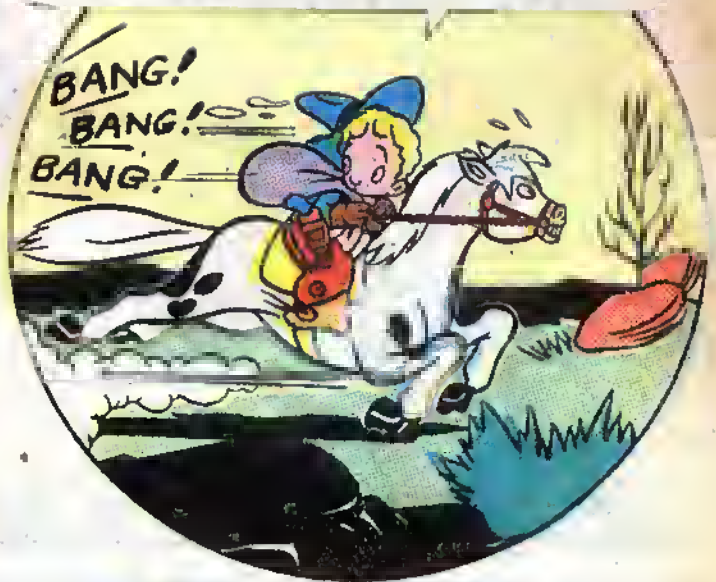
SKIDOO, SIXTY! WE GOT
TH' GOLD--NOW LET'S GIT!



THINK I'LL PRACTICE SHOOTIN' WHILE
THE HOSSES REST--WONDER IF I C'N
HIT THET CAN!

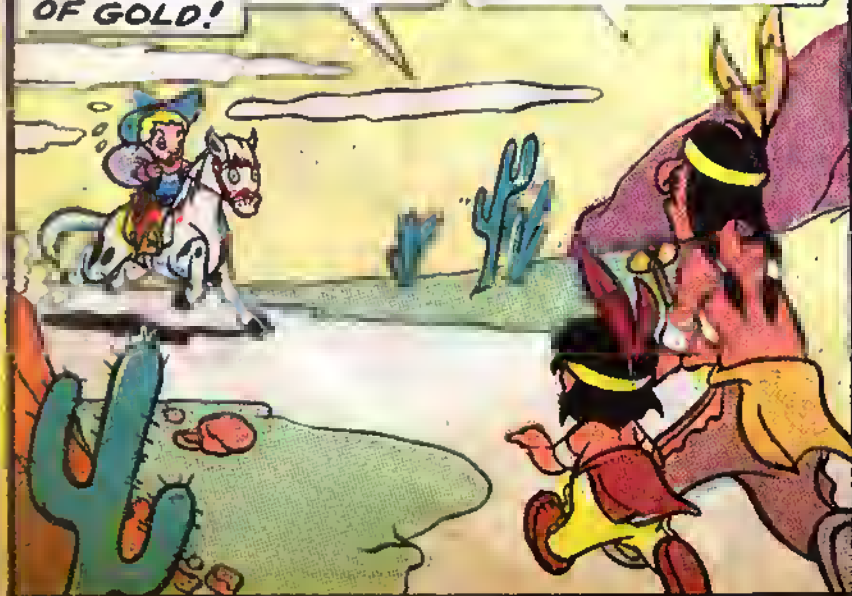


JUMPIN' JEHOSEFAT! THEY'RE SHOOTIN'
AT US, BUT WE'LL GIT AWAY--JUST
LIKE JESSE JAMES ALWAYS DID!



LOOKUM, POP! PALE-FACE
BOY COME WITH **SACK**
OF GOLD!

UGH! WE WILL HAVE
TO LOOK INTO THAT!



UH OH! INJUNS!

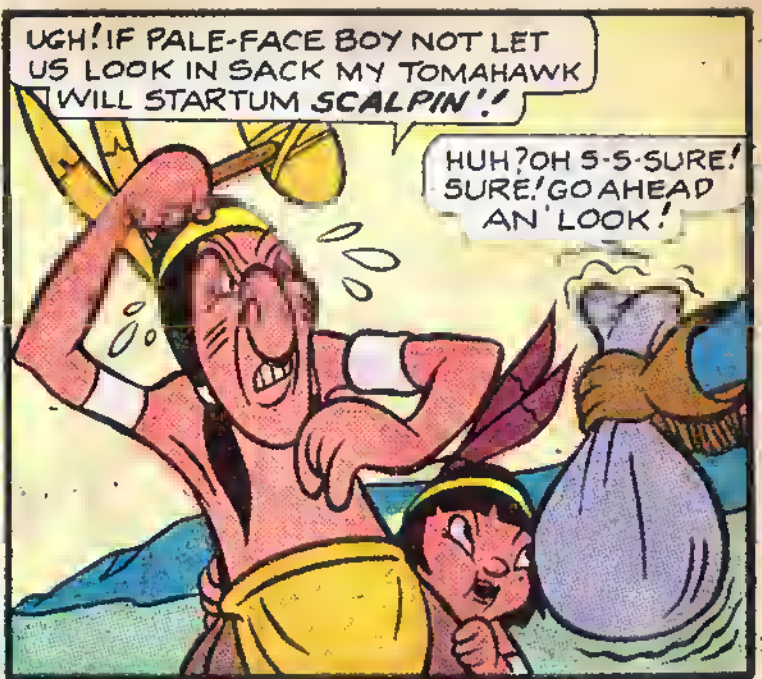


GIT OUTA MY WAY, YOU INJUNS--IF YA DON'T, MY TRUSTY SIX SHOOTER IS GONNA START TALKIN'!



UGH! IF PALE-FACE BOY NOT LET US LOOK IN SACK MY TOMAHAWK I WILL STARTUM SCALPIN'!

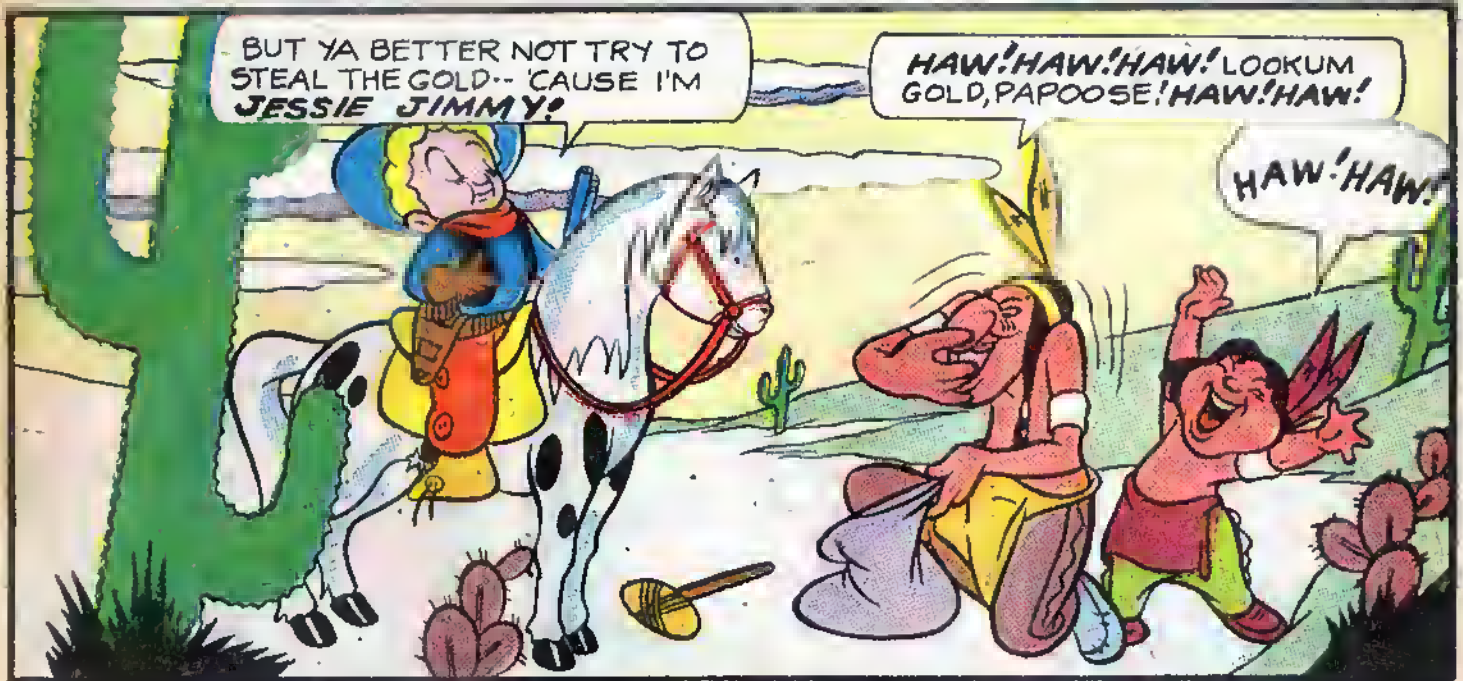
HUH? OH S-S-SURE! SURE! GO AHEAD AN' LOOK!



BUT YA BETTER NOT TRY TO STEAL THE GOLD-- 'CAUSE I'M JESSIE JIMMY!

HAW! HAW! HAW! LOOKUM GOLD, PAPOOSE! HAW! HAW!

HAW! HAW!

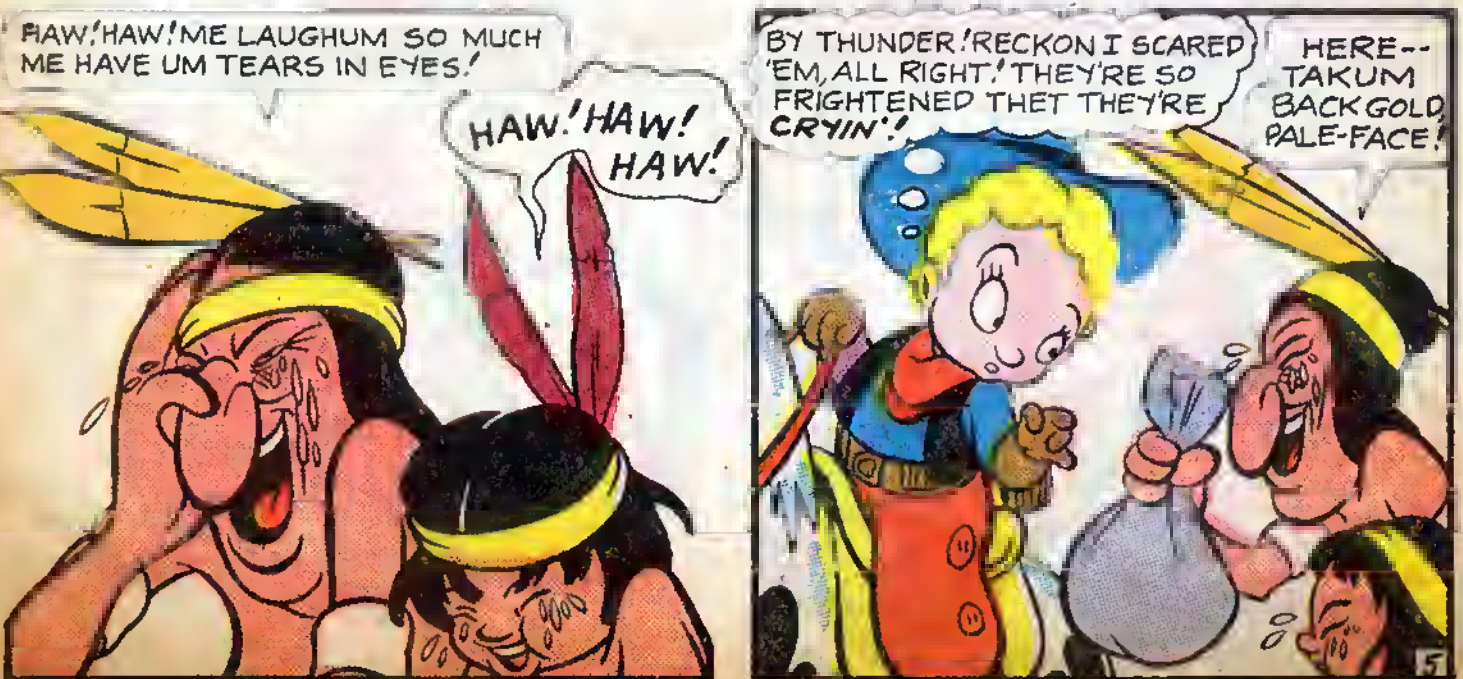


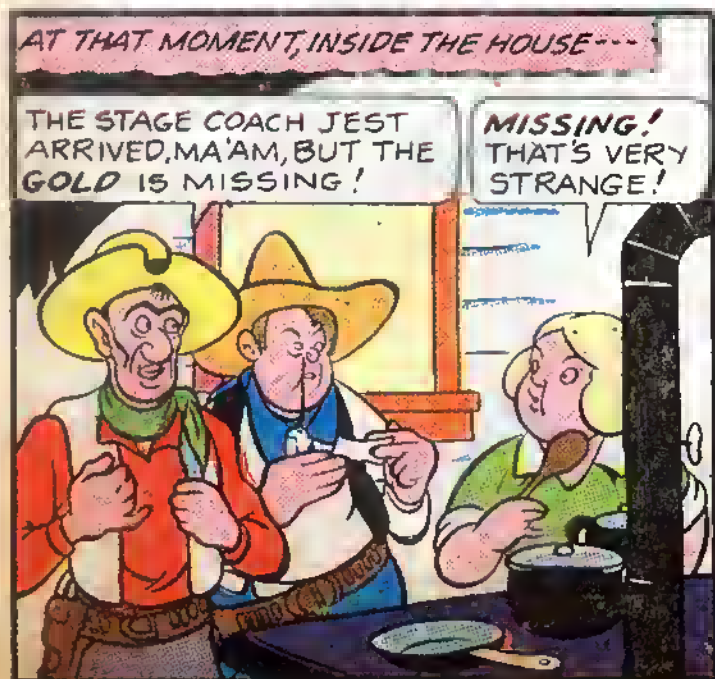
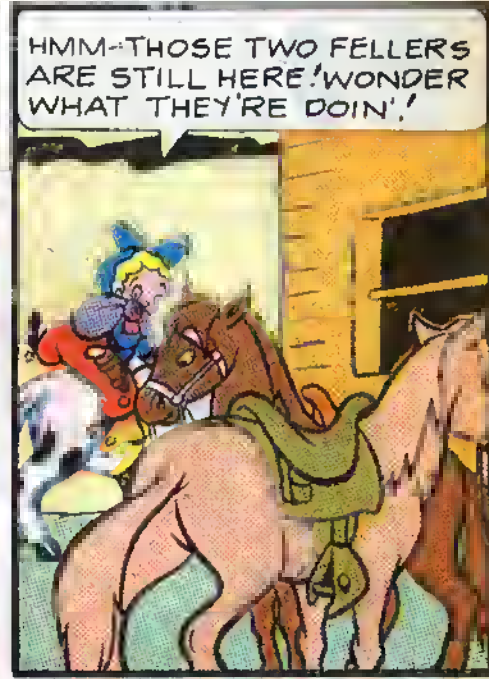
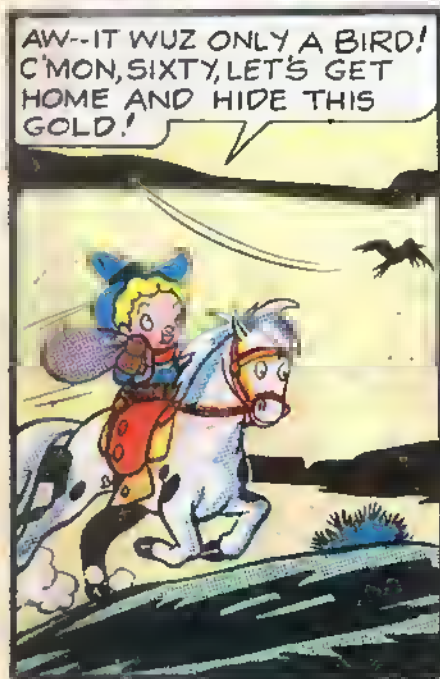
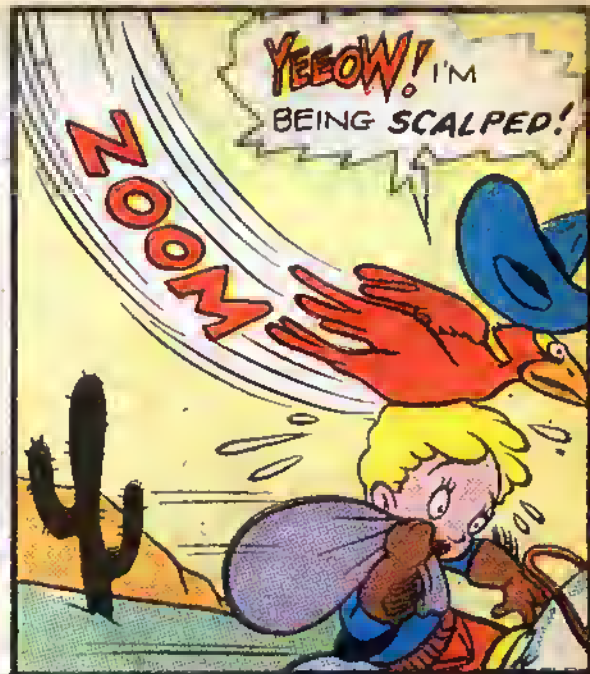
HAH! HAW! ME LAUGHUM SO MUCH ME HAVE UM TEARS IN EYES!

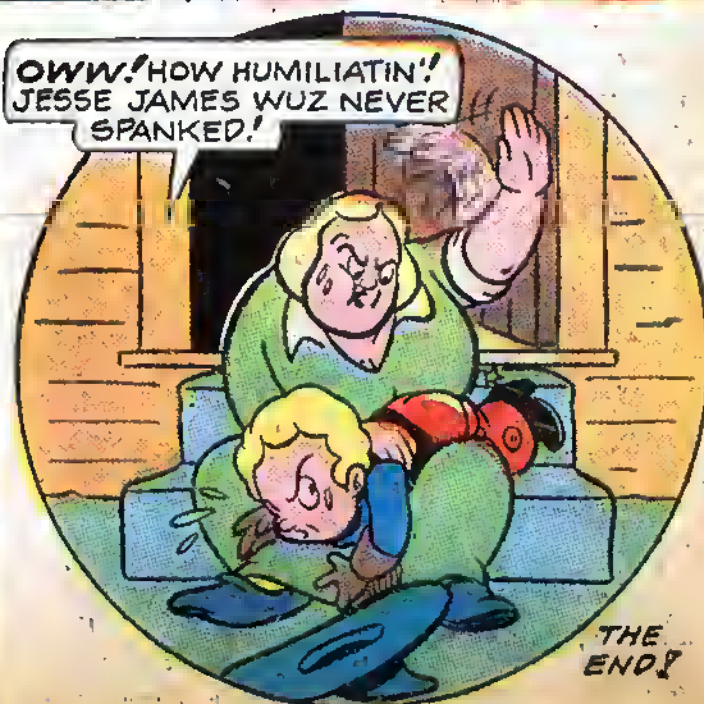
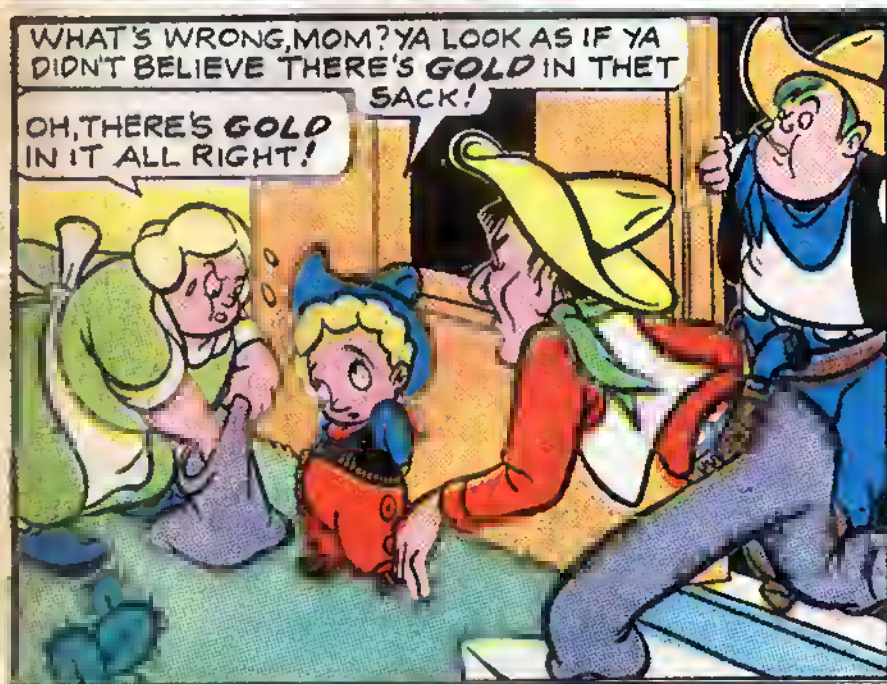
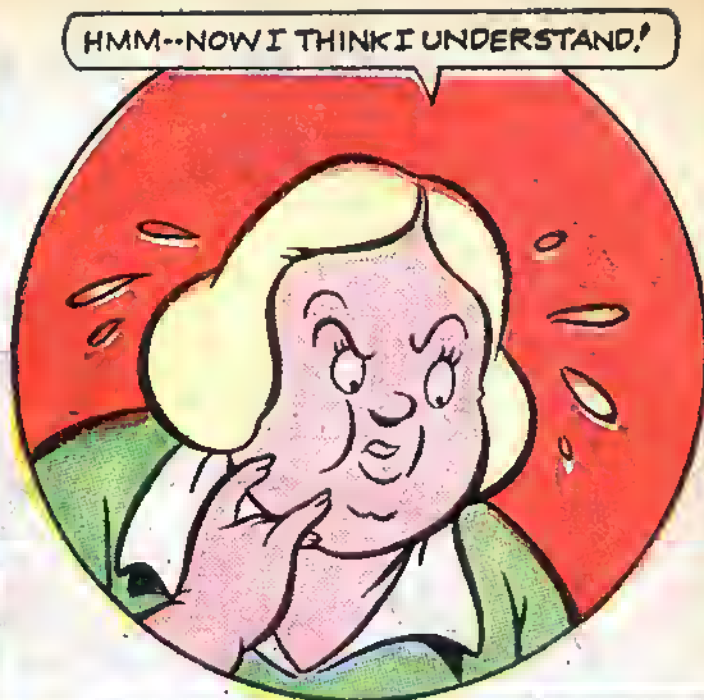
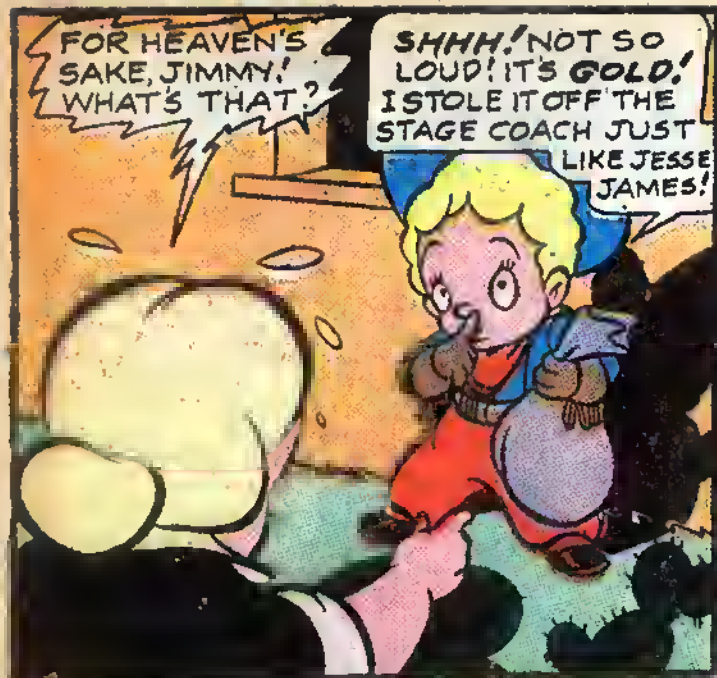
HAW! HAW! HAW!

BY THUNDER! RECKON I SCARED 'EM, ALL RIGHT! THEY'RE SO FRIGHTENED THET THEY'RE CRYIN'!

HERE-- TAKUM BACK GOLD PALE-FACE!

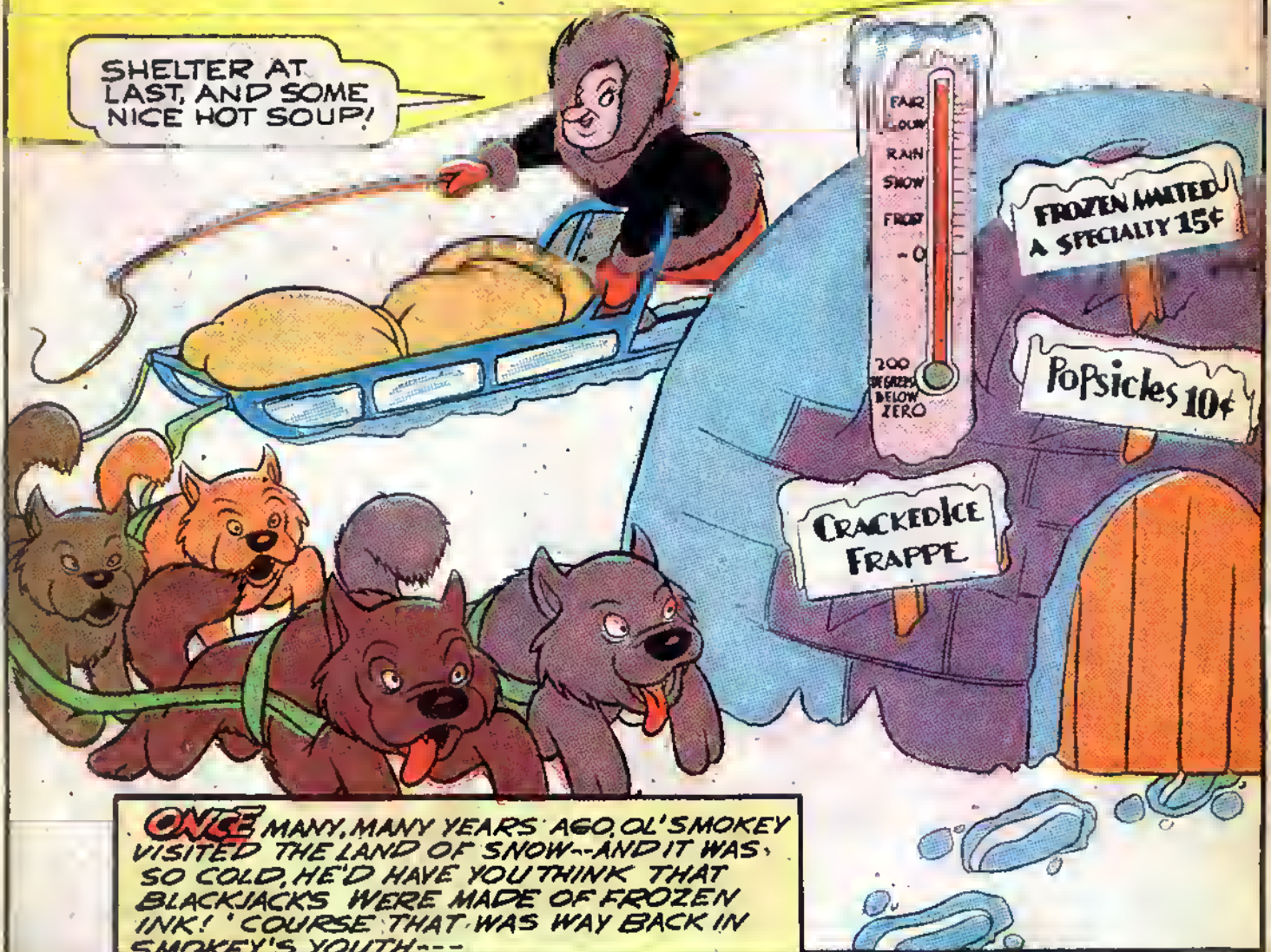






OL' SMOKEY

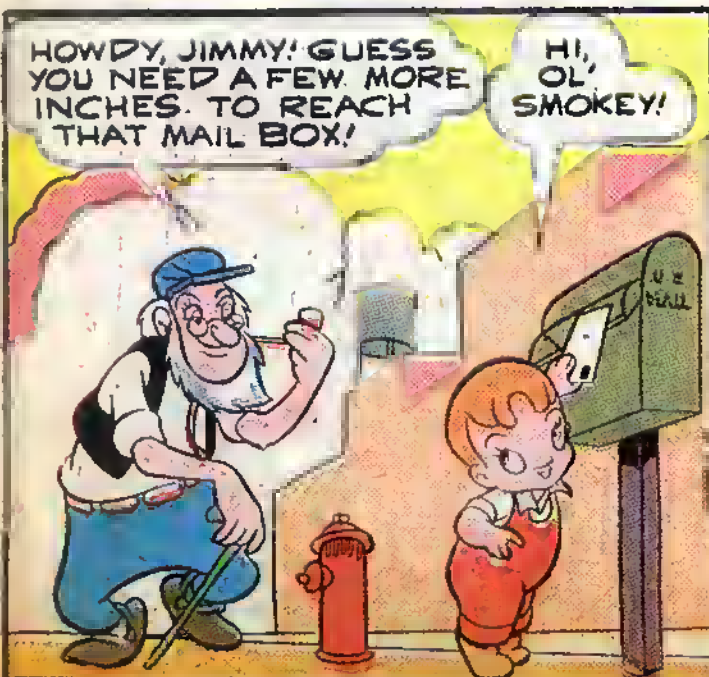
SHELTER AT
LAST, AND SOME
NICE HOT SOUP!



ONCE MANY, MANY YEARS AGO, OL' SMOKEY VISITED THE LAND OF SNOW--AND IT WAS, SO COLD, HE'D HAVE YOU THINK THAT BLACKJACKS WERE MADE OF FROZEN INK! 'COURSE THAT WAS WAY BACK IN SMOKEY'S YOUTH---

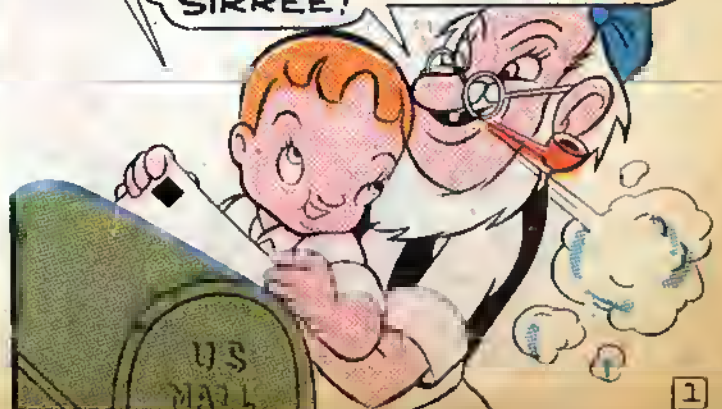
HOWDY, JIMMY! GUESS
YOU NEED A FEW MORE
INCHES. TO REACH
THAT MAIL BOX!

HI,
OL'
SMOKEY!



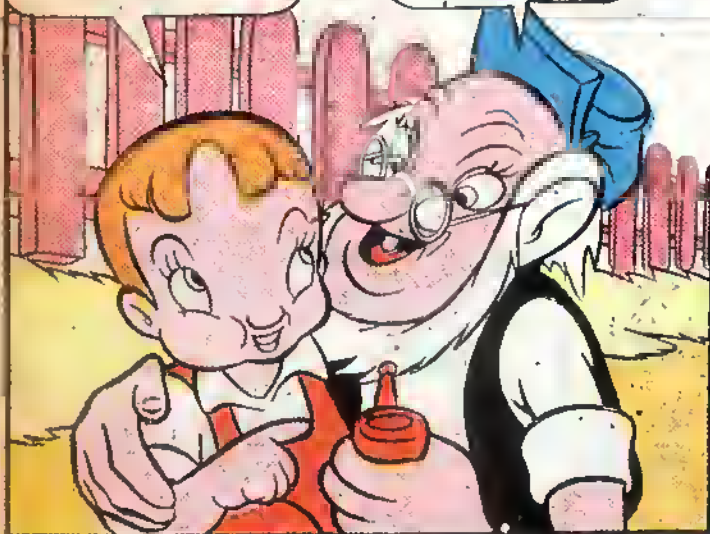
JIMMINY! THE MAIL IS WONDERFUL!
JUST DROP IN THE LETTER AND
IT COMES OUT ANY PLACE IN THE
WORLD YOU WANT IT TO!

YEP! BUT WHEN I WAS A
YOUNG LAD BACK IN ALAS-
KA, 'TWARN'T SO EASY, NO
SIRREE!

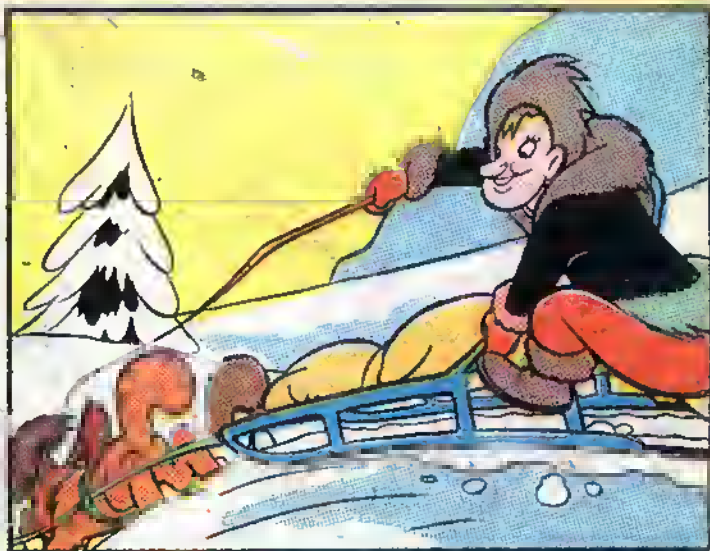


ALASKA! GEE SMOKEY, YOU NEVER TOLD ME THAT ONE!

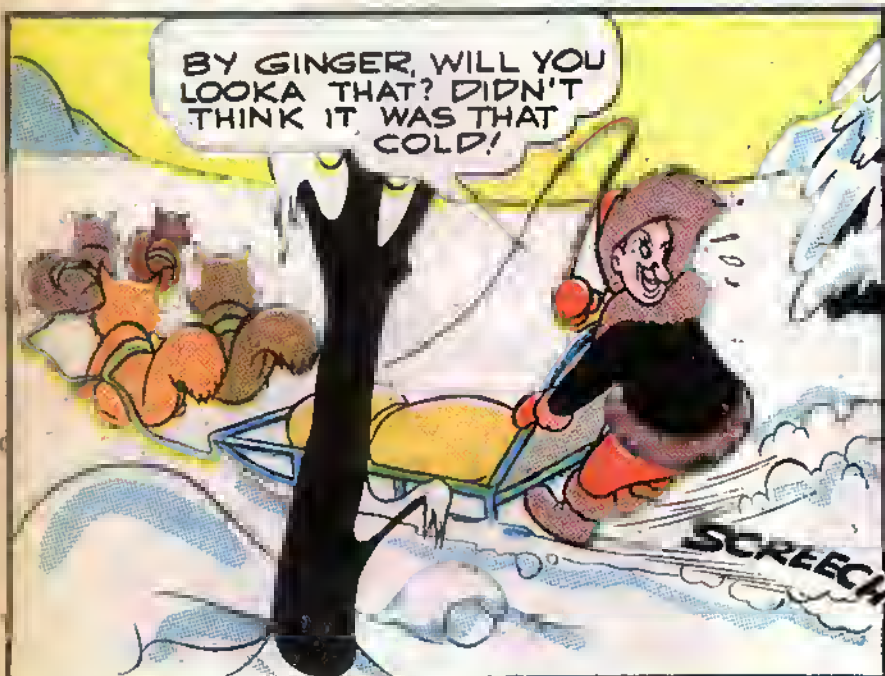
WELL, SIR! IT WAS UP IN DAWSON 'BOUT 1880 AS I RECALL--



I WUZ OUT ON MY DOG SLED TENDING MY BEAR TRAPS, NICE AND PEACEFUL LIKE----



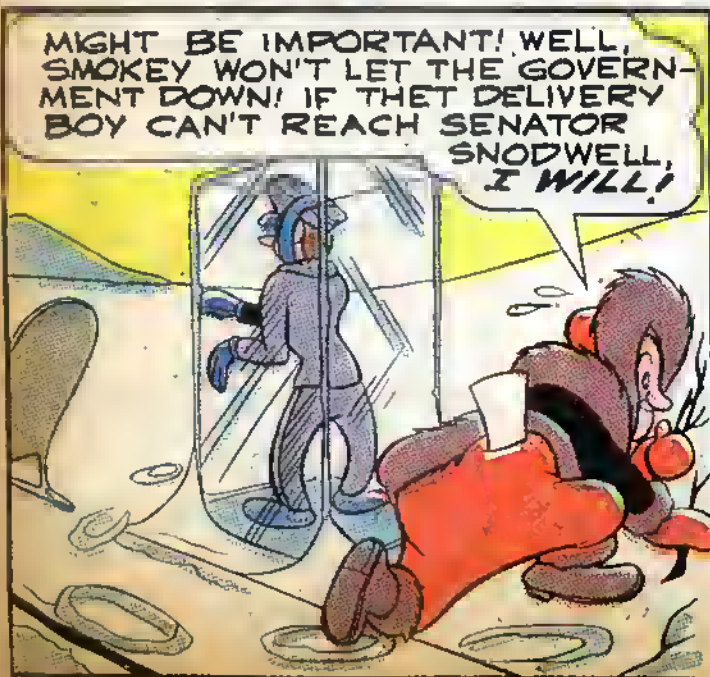
BY GINGER, WILL YOU LOOKA THAT? DIDN'T THINK IT WAS THAT COLD!



FROZEN TIGHTER THAN A DRUM!-HMM--A LETTER TO SENATOR SNODWELL DOWN IN WASHINGTON, D.C.



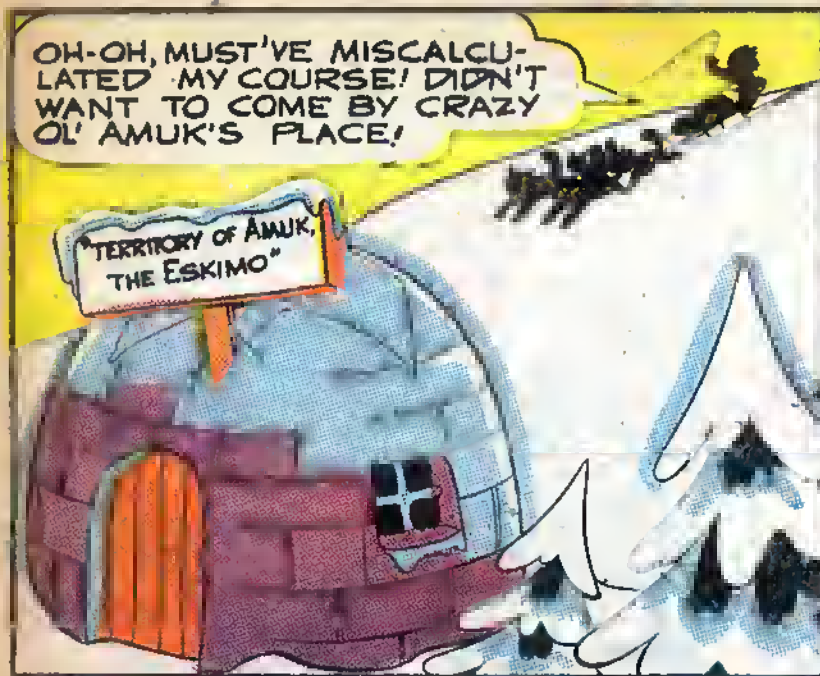
MIGHT BE IMPORTANT! WELL, SMOKEY WON'T LET THE GOVERNMENT DOWN! IF THET DELIVERY BOY CAN'T REACH SENATOR SNODWELL, I WILL!



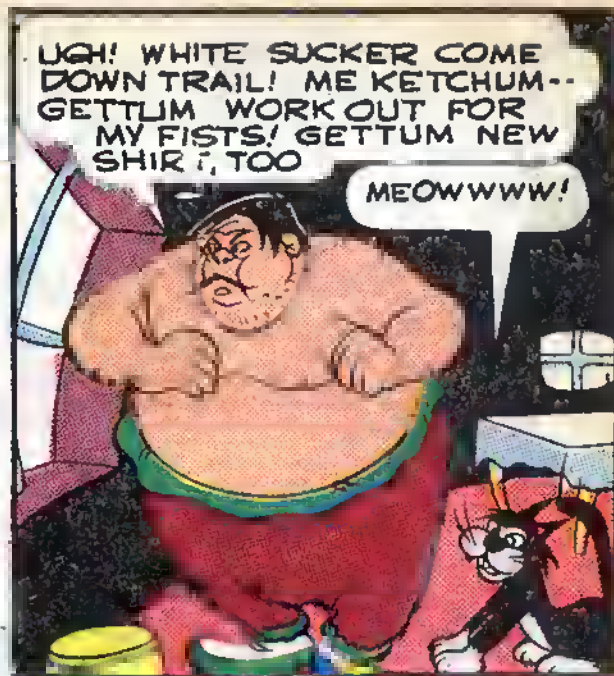
THIS'LL SORTA GIT THIS FELLER'S CIRCUYLATION COOKIN' AGAIN--THEN I KIN BE ON MY WAY----





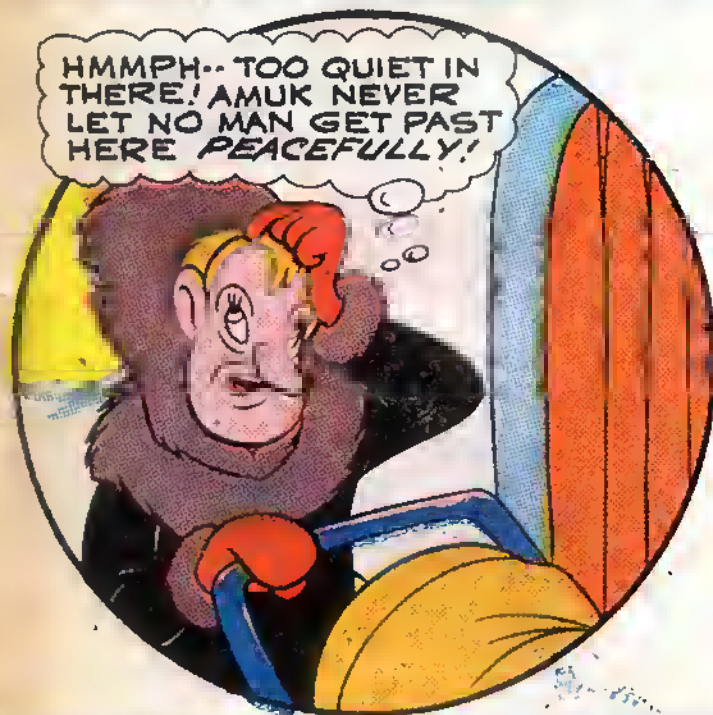


OH-OH, MUST'VE MISCALCULATED MY COURSE! DIDN'T WANT TO COME BY CRAZY OL' AMUK'S PLACE!

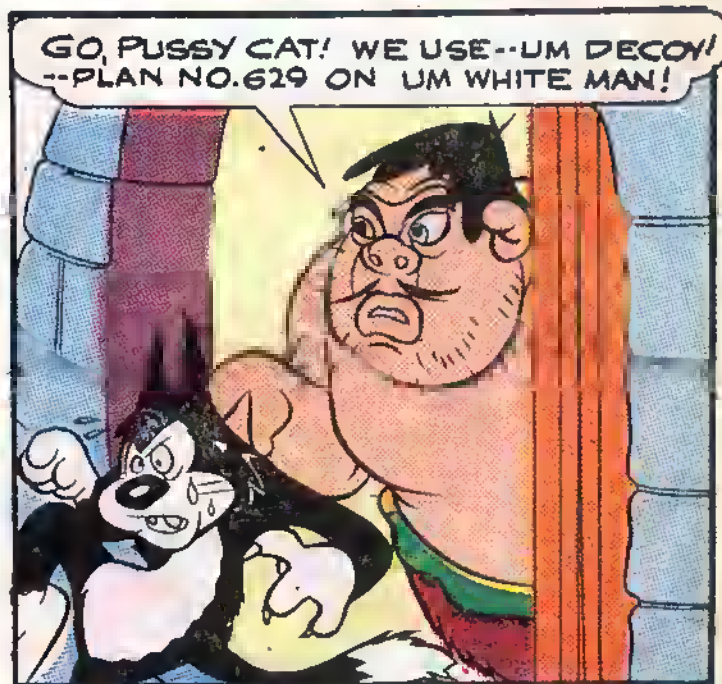


UGH! WHITE SUCKER COME DOWN TRAIL! ME KETCHUM-- GETTUM WORK OUT FOR MY FISTS! GETTUM NEW SHIR I, TOO

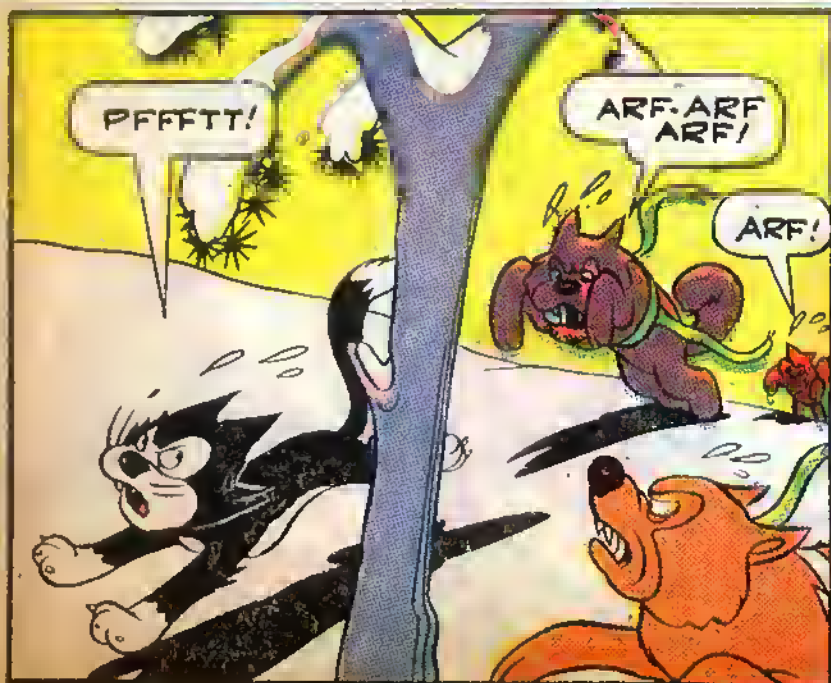
MEOWWWW!



HMMPH-- TOO QUIET IN THERE! AMUK NEVER LET NO MAN GET PAST HERE PEACEFULLY!



GO, PUSSY CAT! WE USE--UM DECOY! --PLAN NO.629 ON UM WHITE MAN!



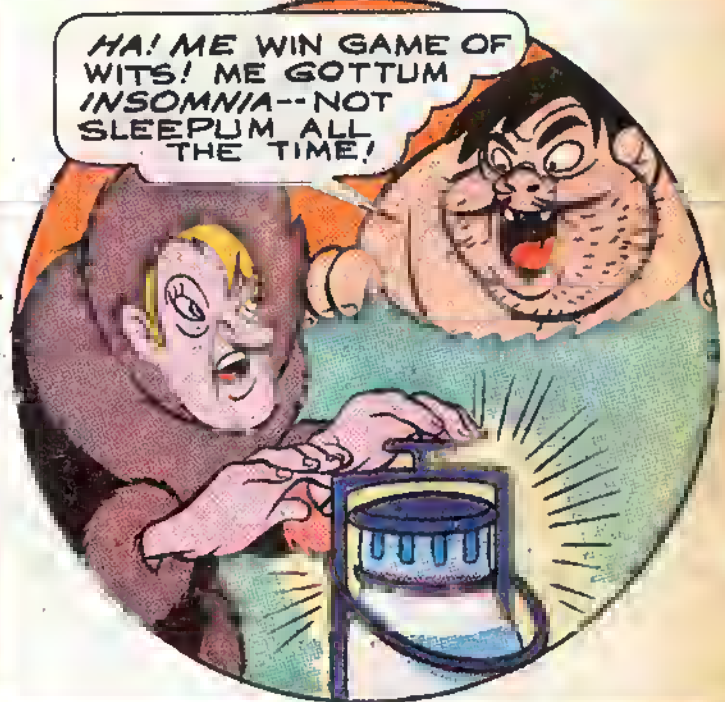
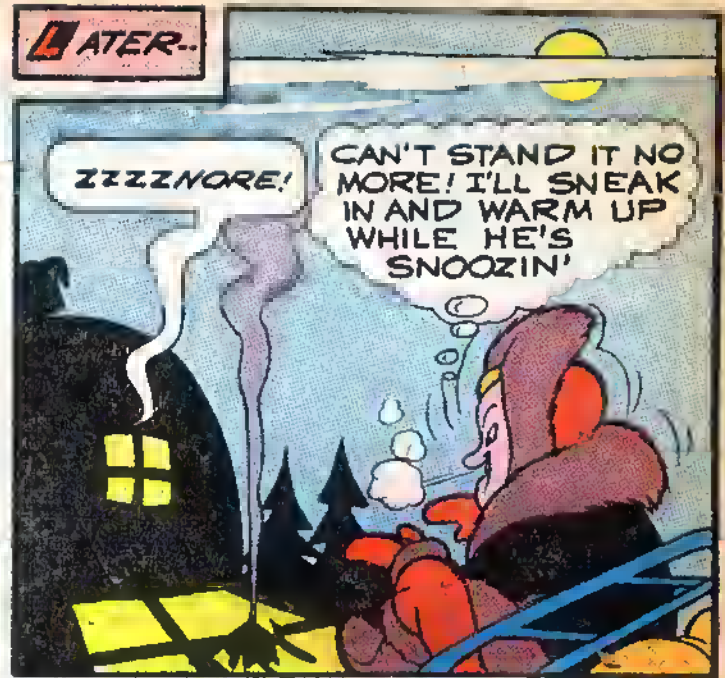
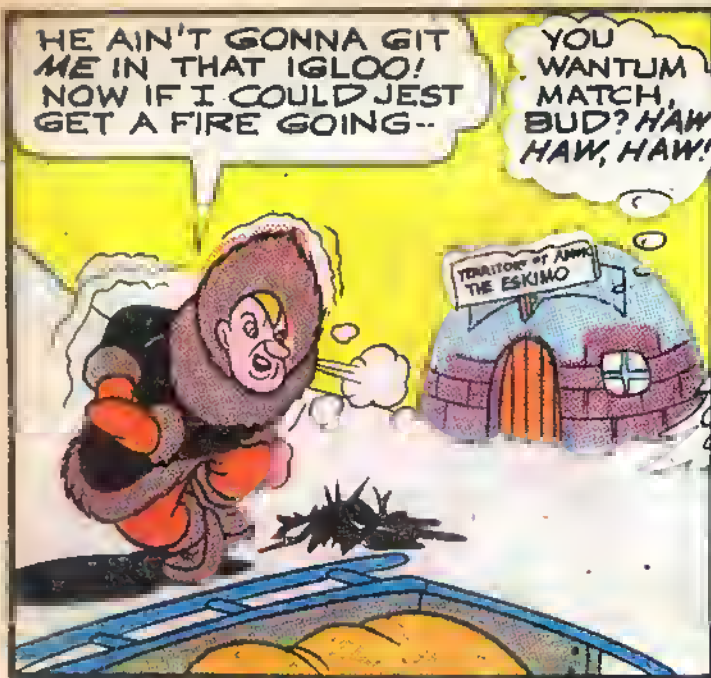
PFFFTT!

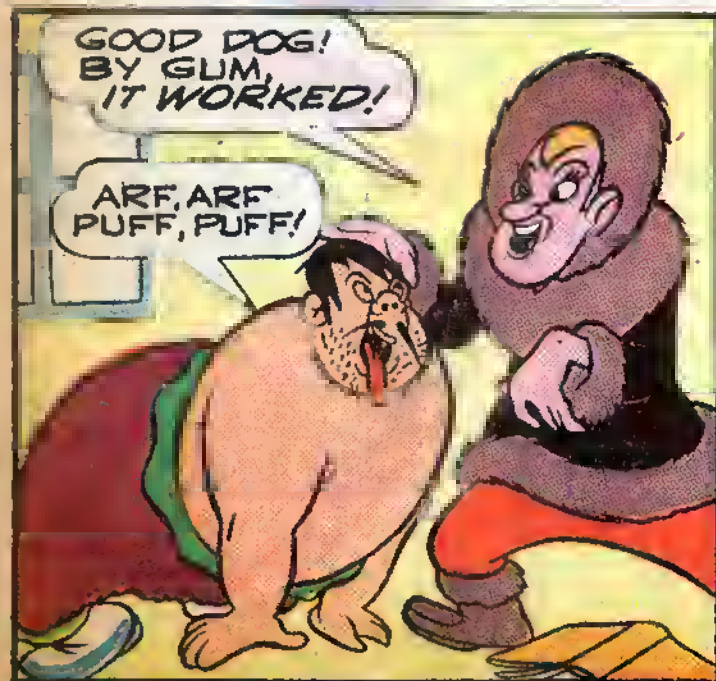
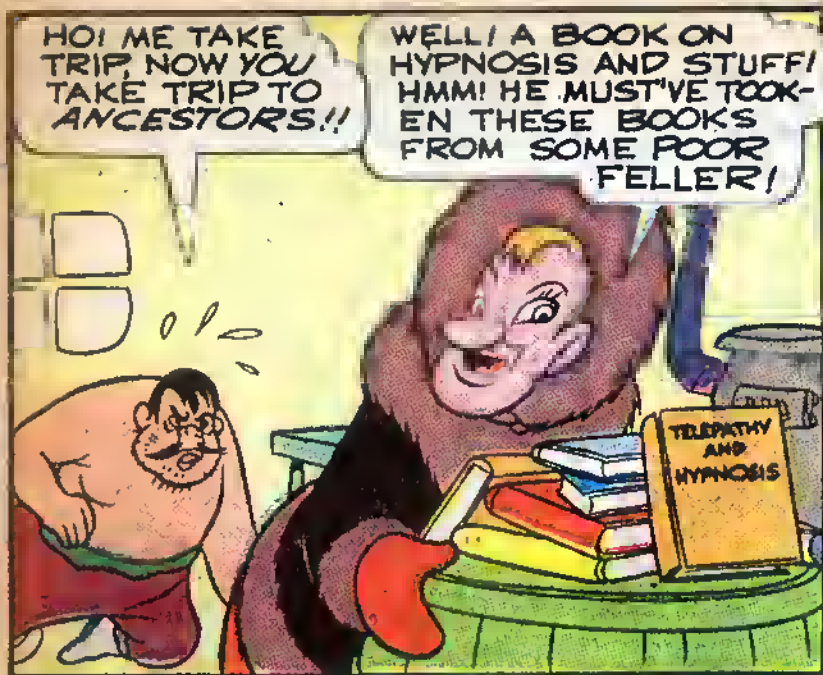
ARF-ARF ARF!

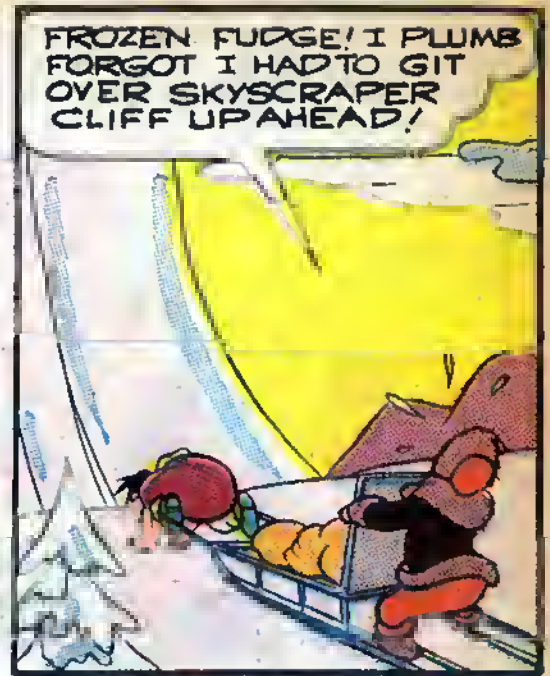
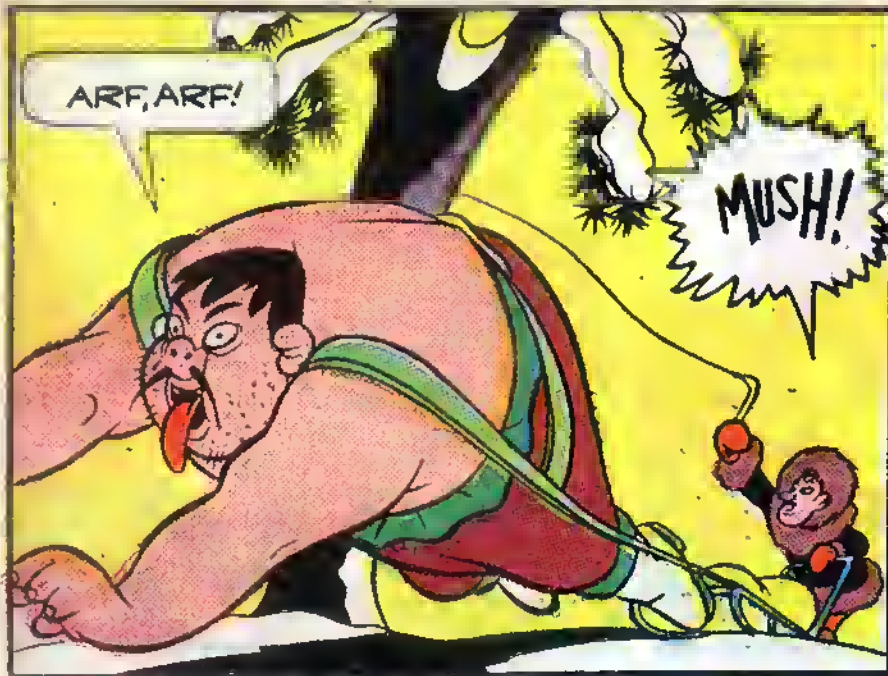
ARF!



HEY! COME BACK HERE, CONSARN YA!







A FEW DAYS AND NIGHTS LATER...

HERE, AMUK! RECKON YOU'RE TIRED OF BEING A DOG--TODAY YOU'LL BE A HORSE!

WASHINGTON 12 MILES

WHINNY

WHOA, HORSE! PULL UP AHEAD THAR, AMUK!

!

!

SECONDS LATER---

--AND IN--AH--RECOGNITION OF YOUR ASTOUNDING FEAT, WE AWARD YOU THIS DIPLOMA FOR YOUR--ER--DAREDEVIL DRIVE FROM DAWSON!

GOSH, CAN I SEE THE DIPLOMA AND THE SLED AND THE---

WAL, Y'SEE SON--THEM WASHINGTON FOLK PUT THE SLED IN THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE! --AND THE DIPLOMA-- WAL ONE DAY I CHANGED AMUK INTO A GOAT--AND HE ET IT UP!

DUNNO, JIMMY, SOMETIMES I GET TO THINKING YOU DON'T BELIEVE MY STORIES.

LOOKIT, OL' SMOKEY, THERE'S A LETTER IN YOUR BACK POCKET!

BY GUM, SURE ENOUGH--IT'S THE SAME LETTER! NOW Y'KNOW I'M TELLING THE TRUTH!

Buy Kim's Klassy Clothes

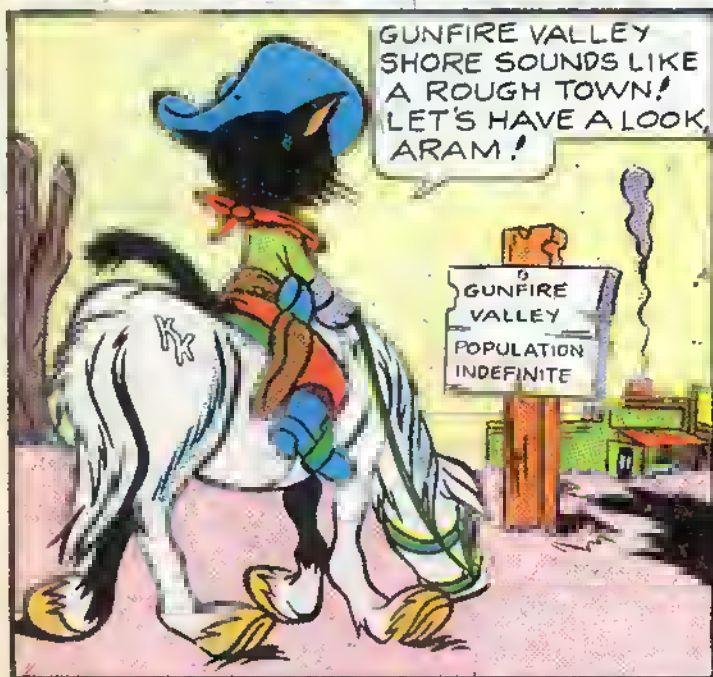
the
End

KAT KARSON

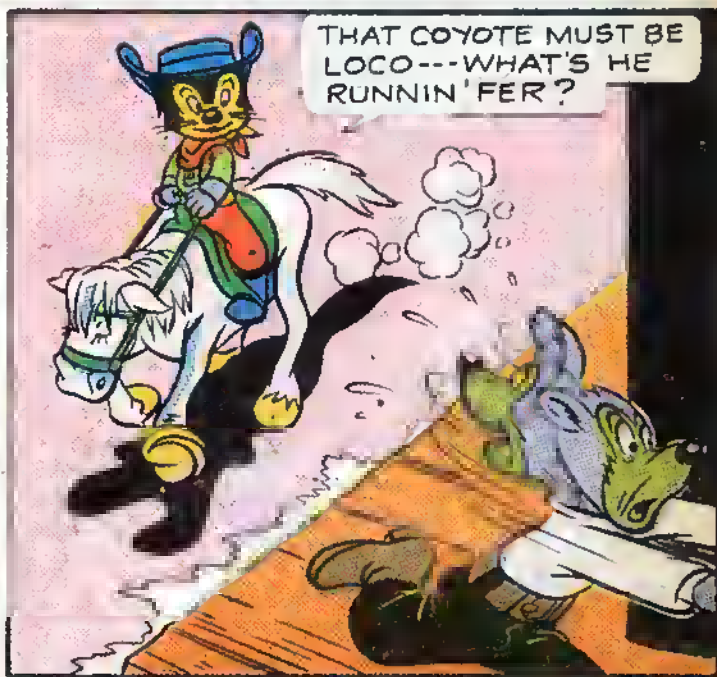
IT'S SILVER DOLLAR DAN,
AND HE'S LEAVIN' A TRAIL
WE CAN'T AFFORD
TO MISS!



GUNFIRE VALLEY
SHORE SOUNDS LIKE
A ROUGH TOWN!
LET'S HAVE A LOOK,
ARAM!



THAT COYOTE MUST BE
LOCO---WHAT'S HE
RUNNIN' FER?



LOOKS LIKE EVERYBODY
IN TH' VALLEY IS
PLUMB LOCO!

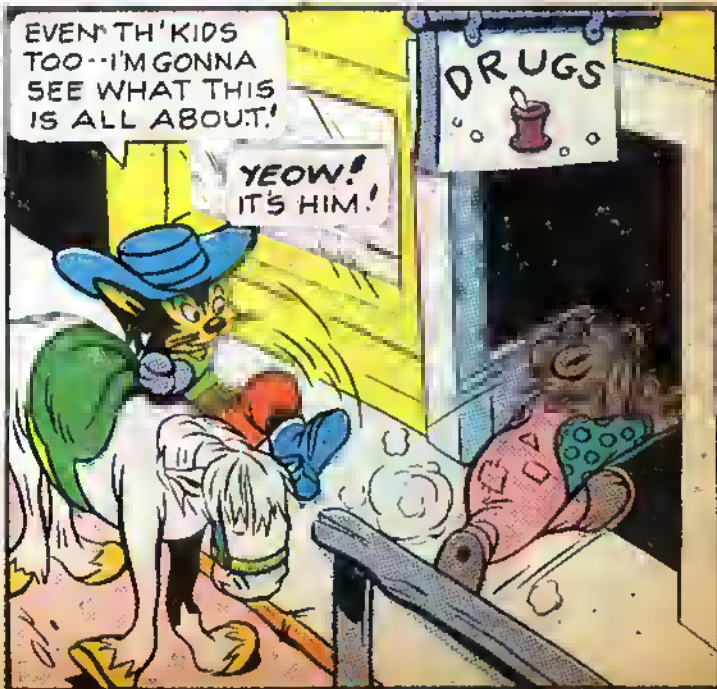
POST OFFICE

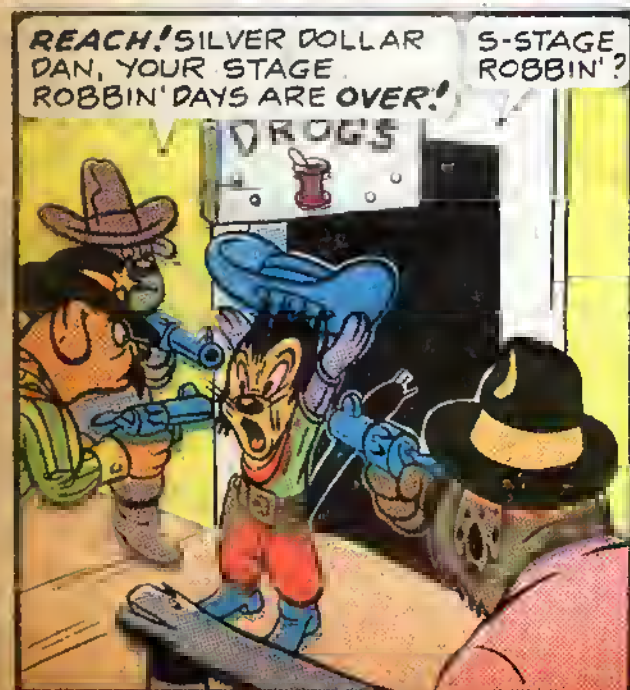
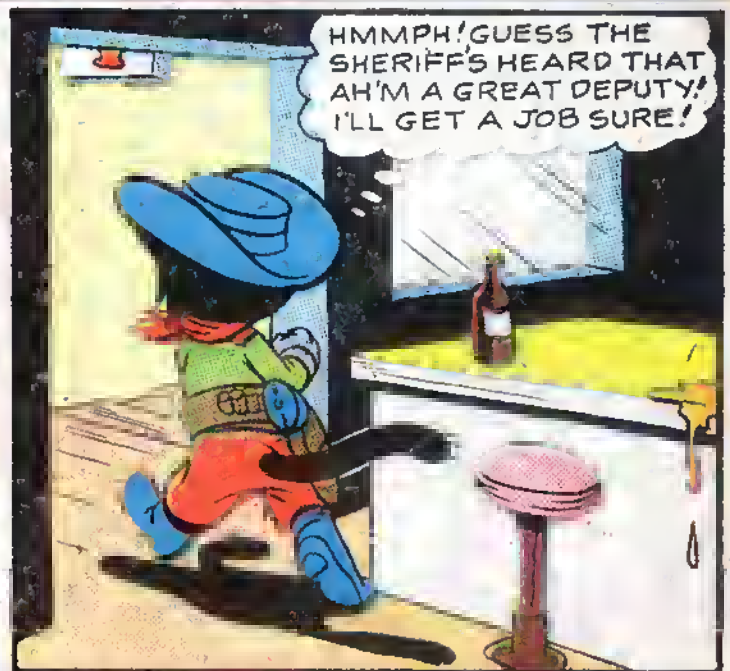
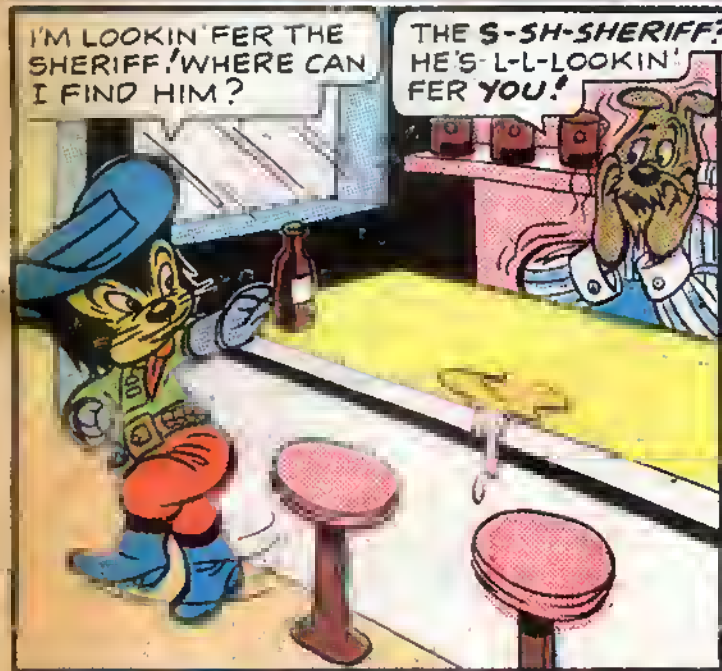
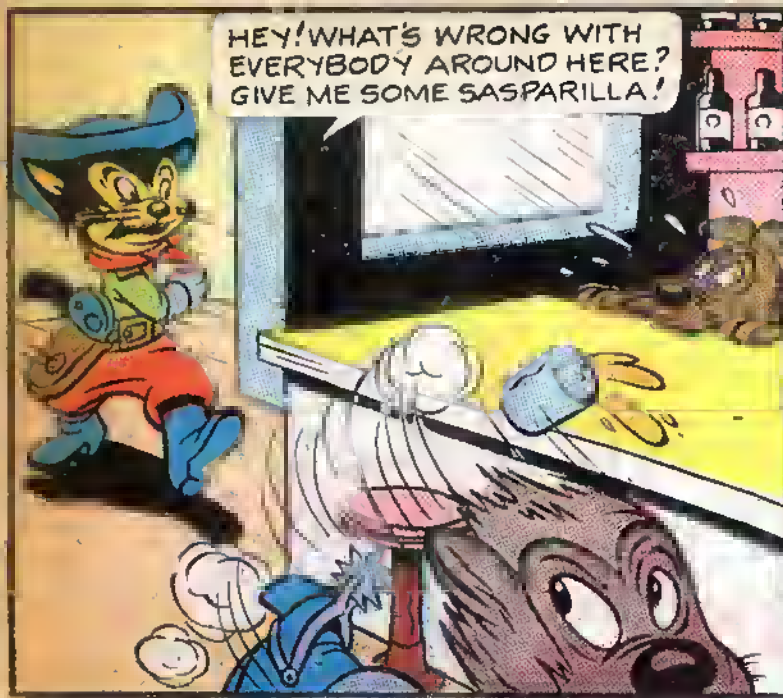


EVEN TH' KIDS
TOO--I'M GONNA
SEE WHAT THIS
IS ALL ABOUT!

YEOW!
IT'S HIM!

DRUGS

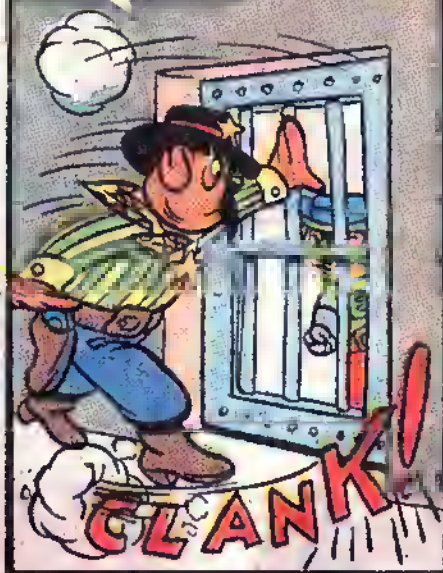




I TELL YA I'M **KAT KARSON!** YA CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!



WE CAN'T DO IT---BUT WE ARE! YA CAN'T FOOL US, **DAN!!**



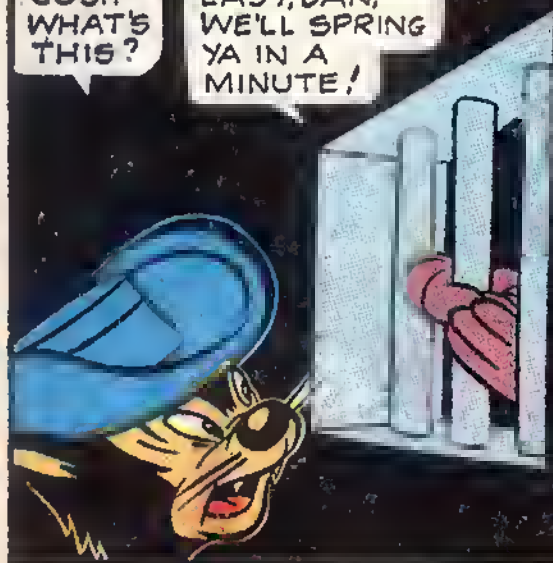
WHAT A SPOT! THEY THINK I'M A REAL DESPERADO OR SOMETHIN'!



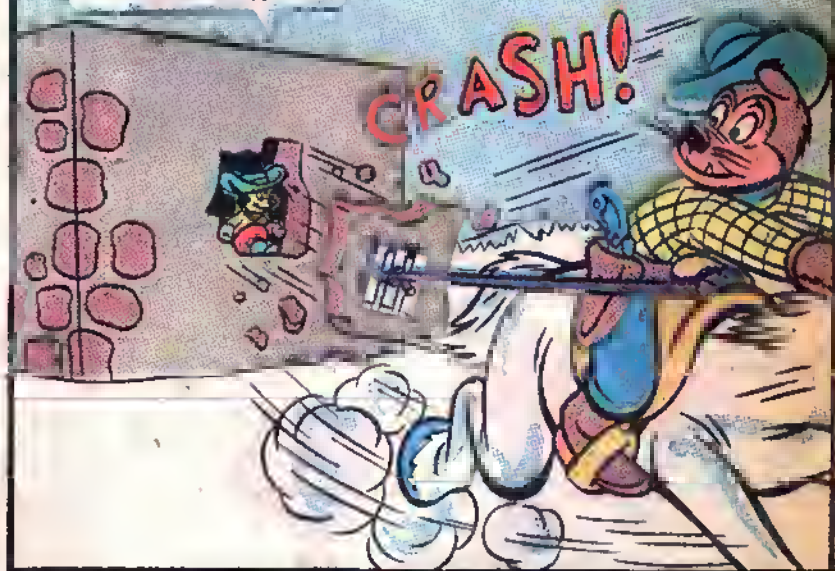
EARLY THAT EVENING----

GOSH-- WHAT'S THIS?

EASY, DAN, WE'LL SPRING YA IN A MINUTE!

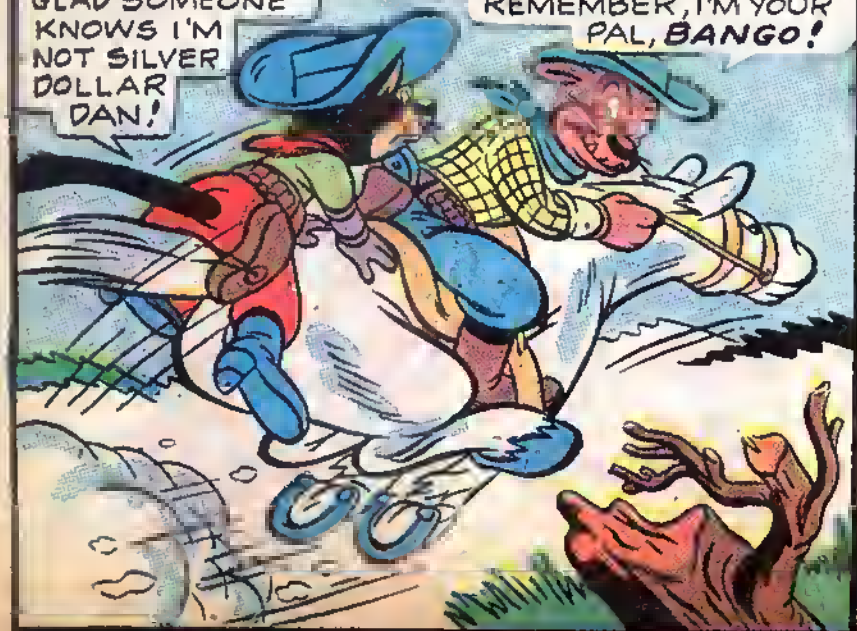


THIS AIN'T TH'WAY I CAME IN-- BUT I'M **LEAVIN'!**



THANKS, PAL! I'M GLAD SOMEONE KNOWS I'M NOT SILVER DOLLAR **DAN!**

HA!HA! STILL KIDDIN', EH, DAN? REMEMBER, I'M YOUR PAL, **BANGO!**



ULPPP! (THIS HOMBRE MUST BE DAN'S PAL!) ER--HA HA!--YEA, --I'M A BIG KIDDER---



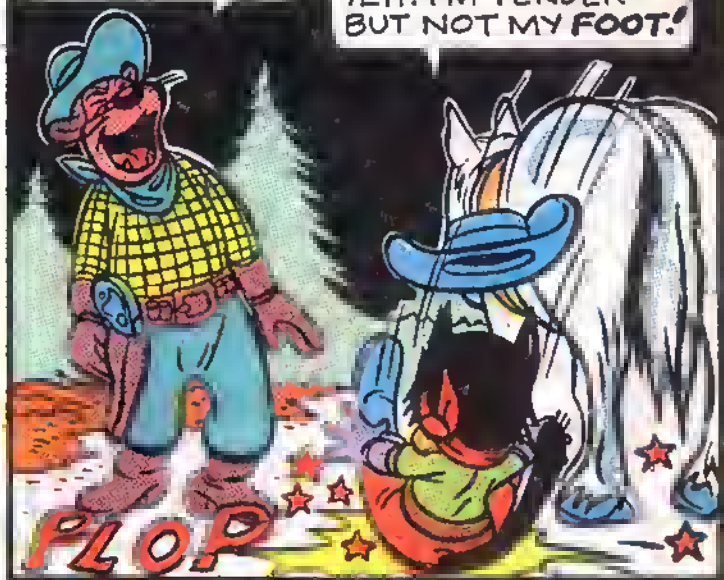
LET'S GET OFF AND
REST AT THE HIDEOUT,
BOSS!

OKAY, I---



HA! HA! BOSS, IF I DIDN'T KNOW YOU
WAS DAN, I'D THINK YOU WAS A
TENDERFOOT!

YEH! I'M TENDER---
BUT NOT MY FOOT!

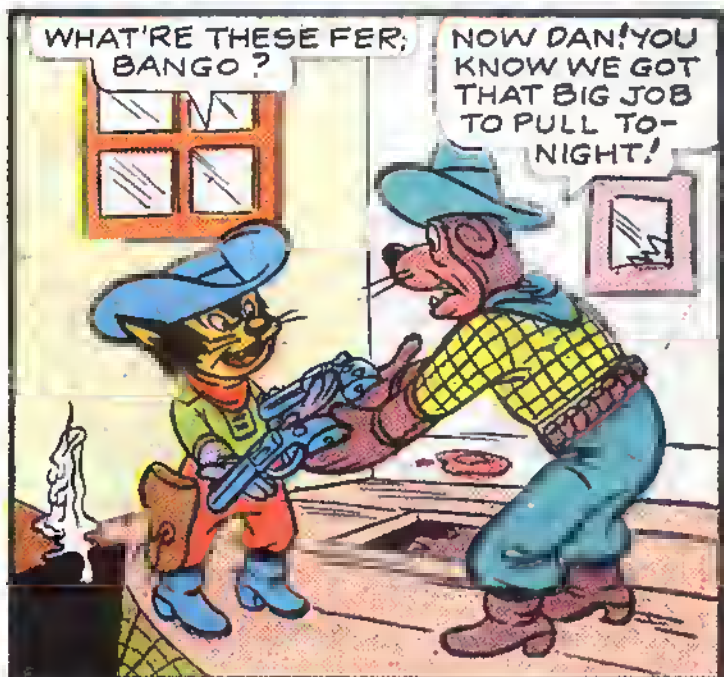


YER SOME CARD, BOSS!
COME ON IN!



WHAT'RE THESE FER,
BANGO?

NOW DAN! YOU
KNOW WE GOT
THAT BIG JOB
TO PULL TO-
NIGHT!



OH YEAH! TH' BIG
JOB! MEBBE I
KIN DO SOME
DEPUTY-IN' HERE,
IF I PLAY SMART
--- AN' FER ME--

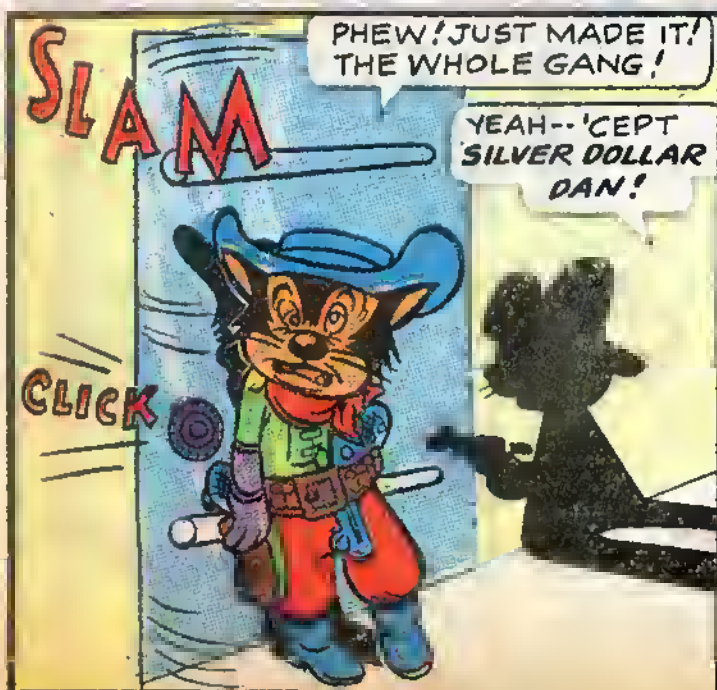
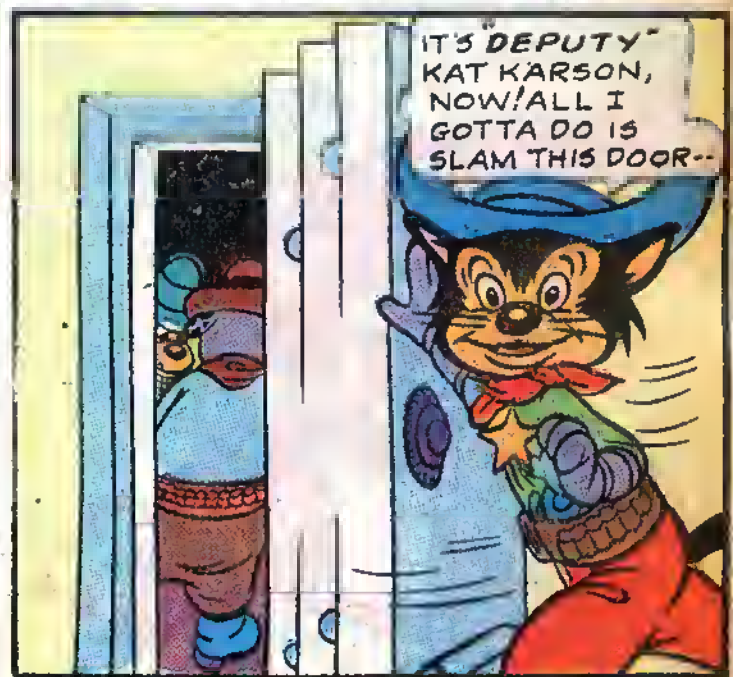
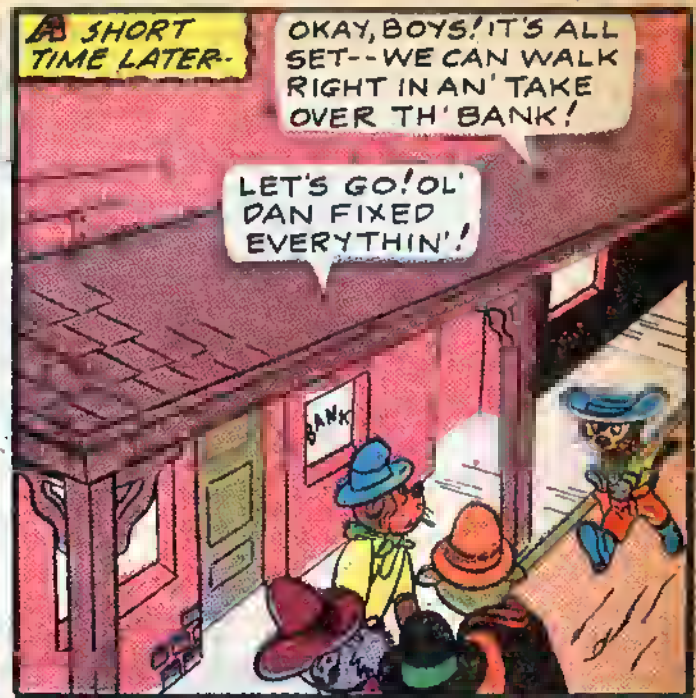
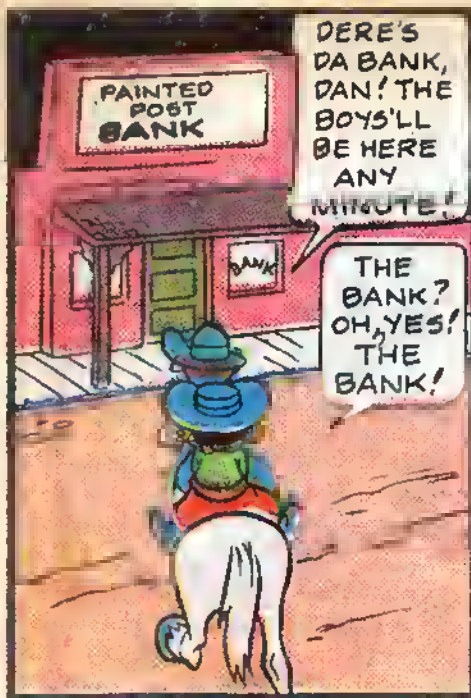
--IT OUGHTA BE
EASY! LET'S GO!

OKAY, TH'
BOYS ARE
WAITIN' AT
"PAINTED
POST"!



THIS IS MY BIG CHANCE TO
NAB THESE CROOKS AND
BE FAMOUS!





I'LL LOIN YA TO
PRETEND YER ME,
IMPOSTER!



HE GOT ME! I'M
DONE FOR! OW!



BUT SILVER DAN'S BULLET RICOCHETS
OFF KAT'S BADGE----



OWW! THOSE BELLS!
I MUST BE IN HEAVEN!
OWW!



WELL, AT LEAST WE KNOW NOW
ZACKLY WHICH OF THESE TWO
IS "SILVER DOLLAR DAN,"
ANYHOW---WHO'D EVER THINK
DAN WOULD LOOK AS DUMB---



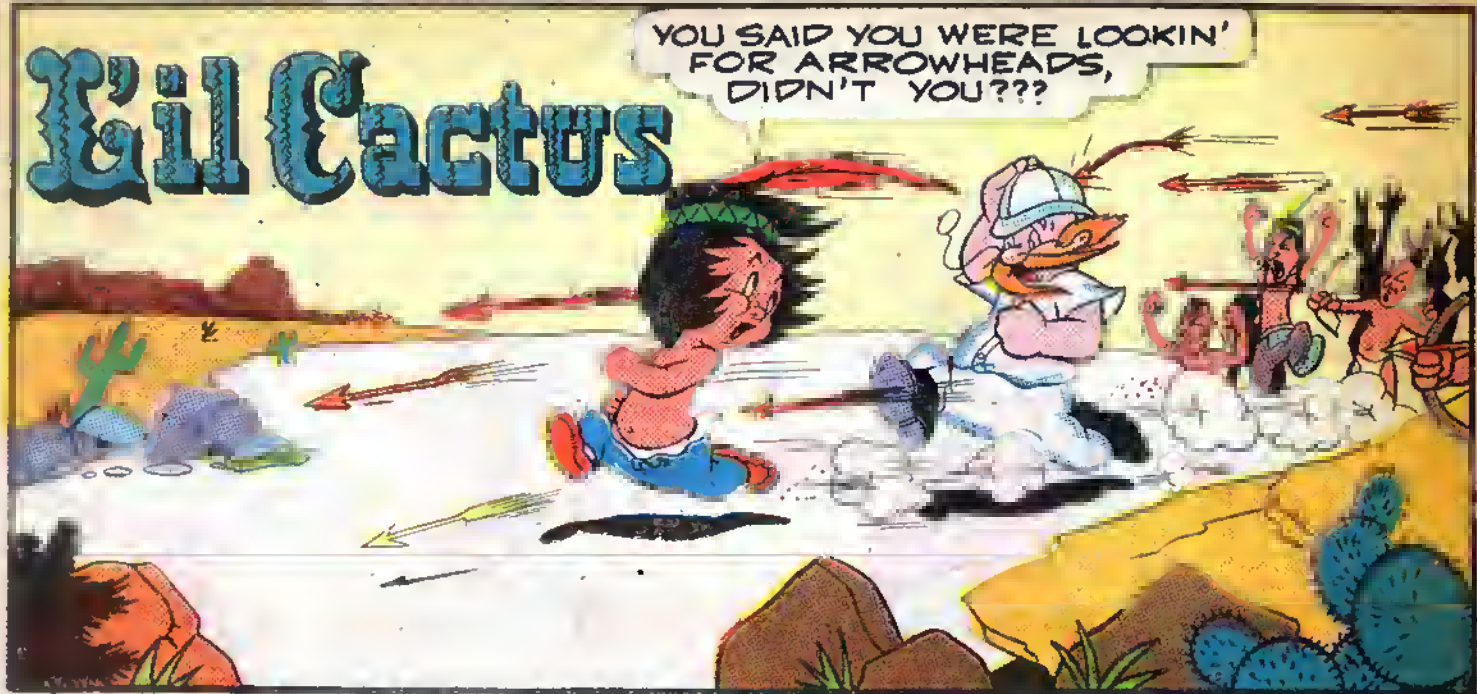
--AS THIS
DUMB
HOMBRE?

AH GUESS Y'CAN'T
JUDGE A BOOK
BY IT'S COVER,
EH, BOSS?



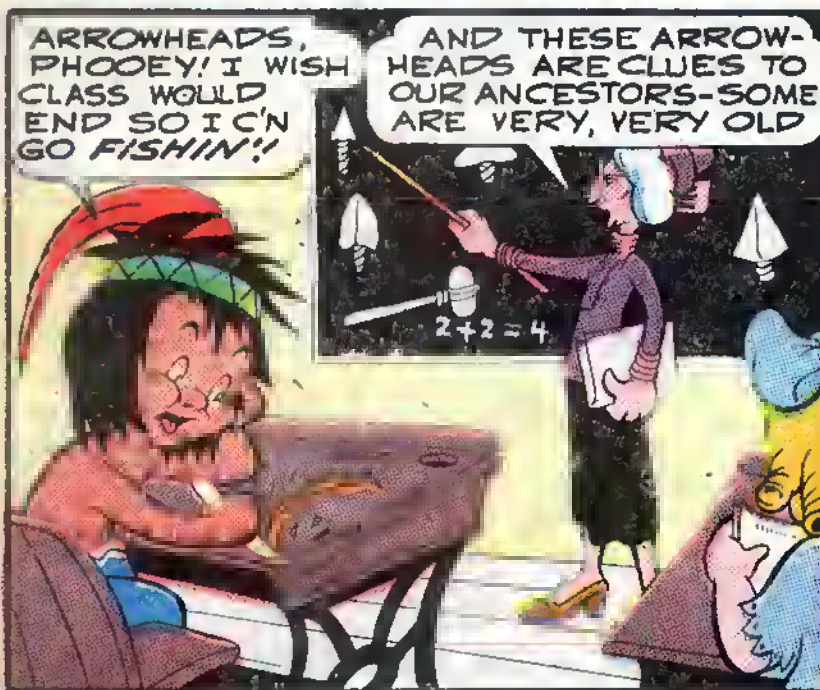
Bill Cactus

YOU SAID YOU WERE LOOKIN' FOR ARROWHEADS, DIDN'T YOU???



ARROWHEADS, PHOOEY! I WISH CLASS WOULD END SO I C'N GO FISHIN'!!

AND THESE ARROWHEADS ARE CLUES TO OUR ANCESTORS--SOME ARE VERY, VERY OLD



L'IL CACTUS, SUPPOSE YOU TELL US ALL ABOUT OLD ARROWHEADS!

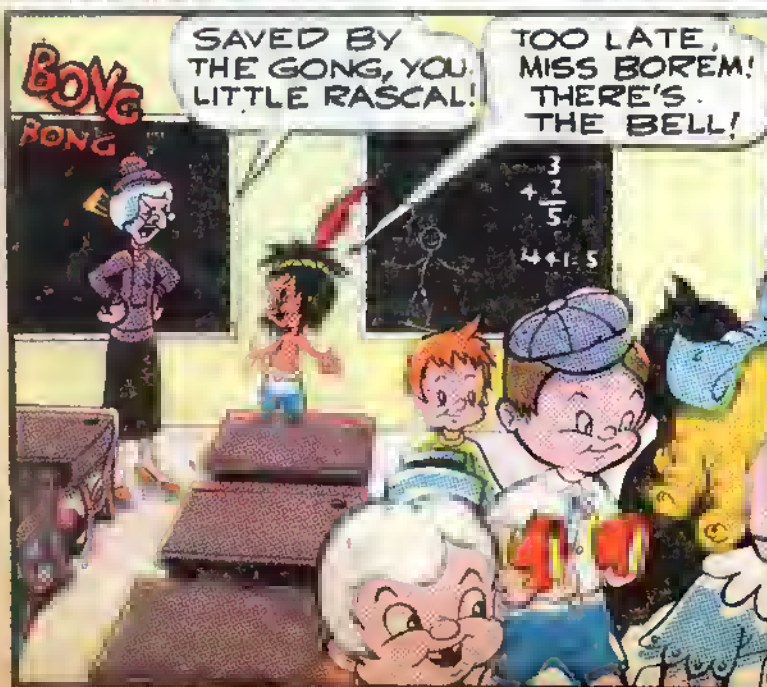
M-M-ME? WELL--UH-- WELL--UM-- I-- A--ER--



BOY BOY

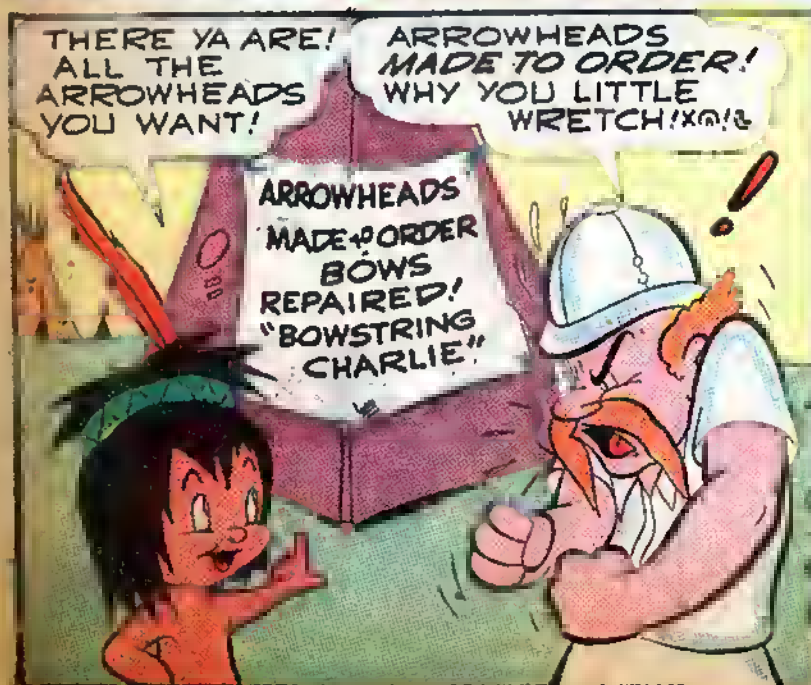
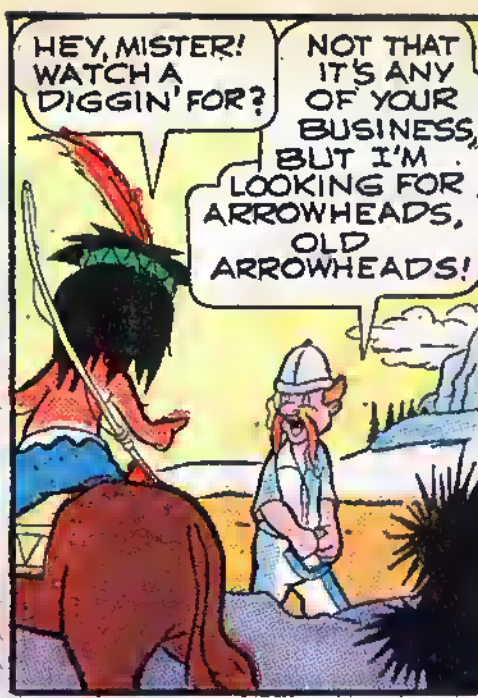
SAVED BY THE GONG, YOU LITTLE RASCAL!

TOO LATE, MISS BOREM! THERE'S THE BELL!



GEE, THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE---TEACHER ALMOST CAUGHT ME OFF BASE! NOW FOR THAT FISHING!!

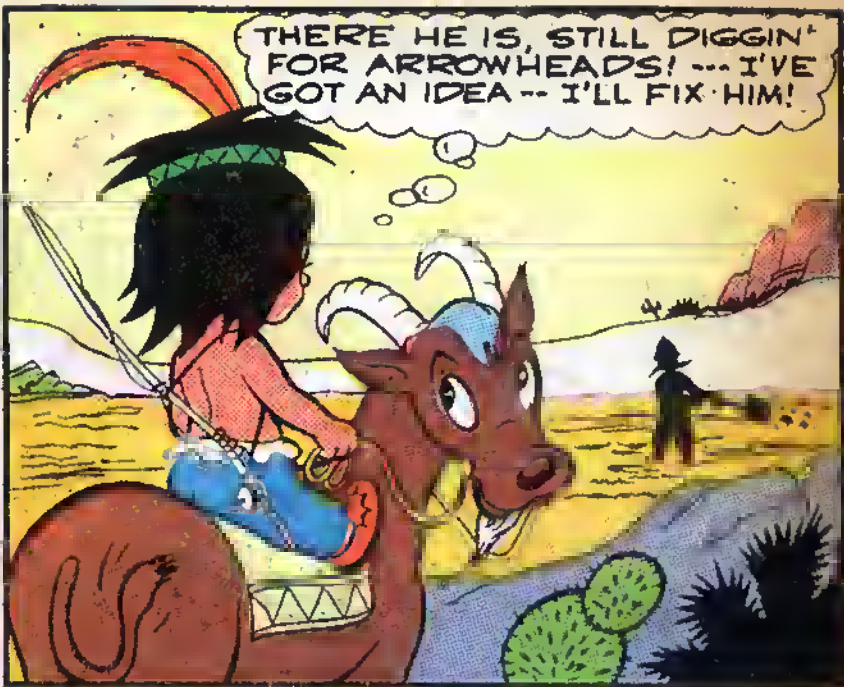




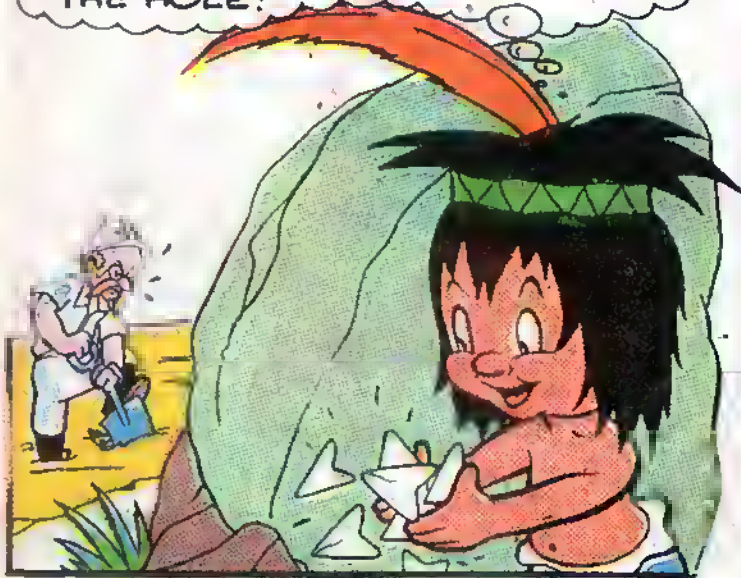
I'LL GET EVEN WITH THAT
MEAN PROFESSOR---
BUT FIRST I'LL GO
FISHING!



THERE HE IS, STILL DIGGIN'
FOR ARROWHEADS! --- I'VE
GOT AN IDEA -- I'LL FIX HIM!



AS SOON AS HE TAKES A REST,
I'LL STICK SOME OF 'BOWSTRING
CHARLIE'S' ARROWHEADS IN
THE HOLE!



HA! HA! HE'LL THINK HE'S
FOUND SOME REAL RELICS
WHEN HE FINDS THESE!

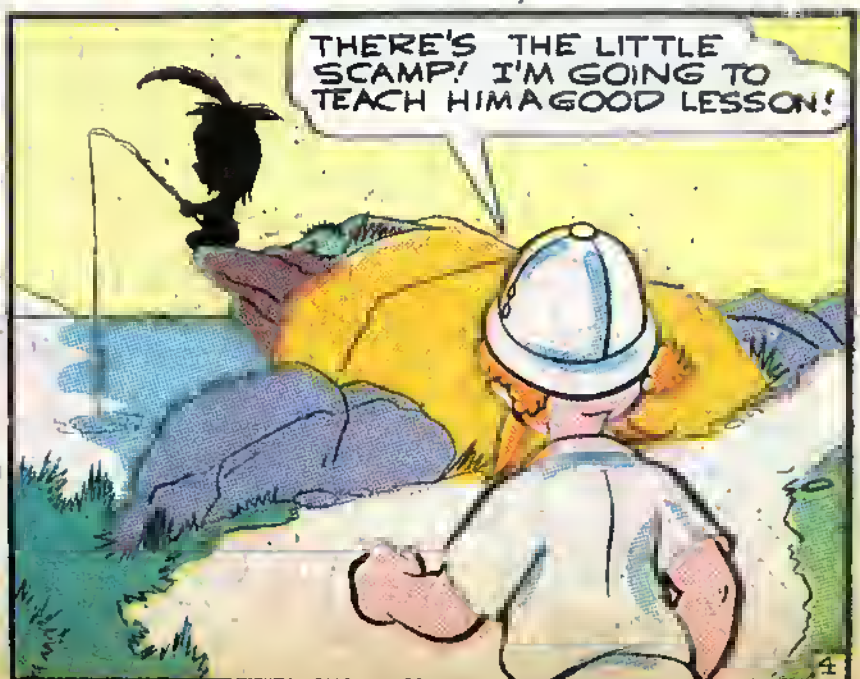
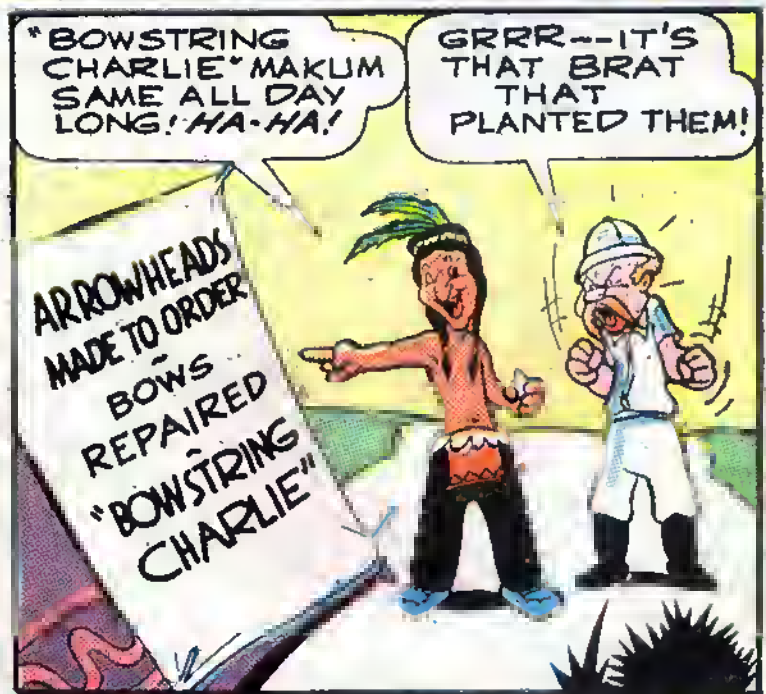
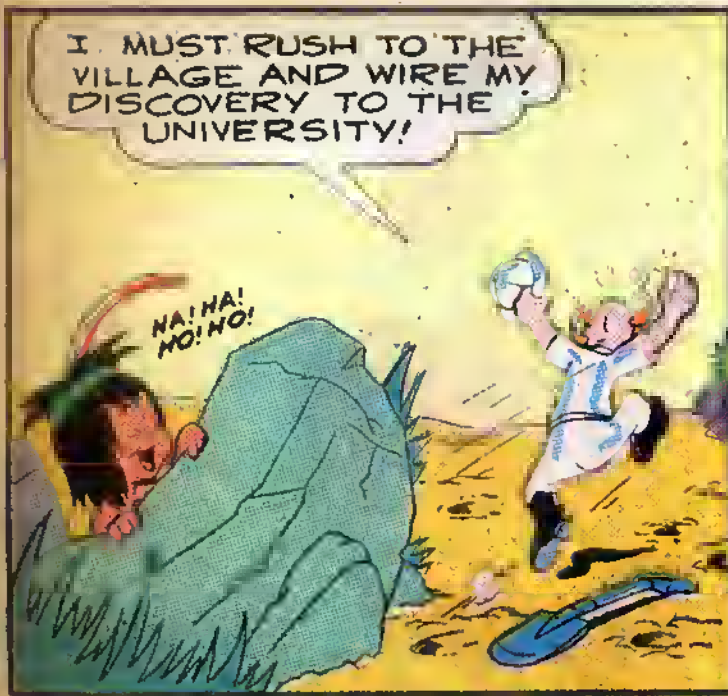


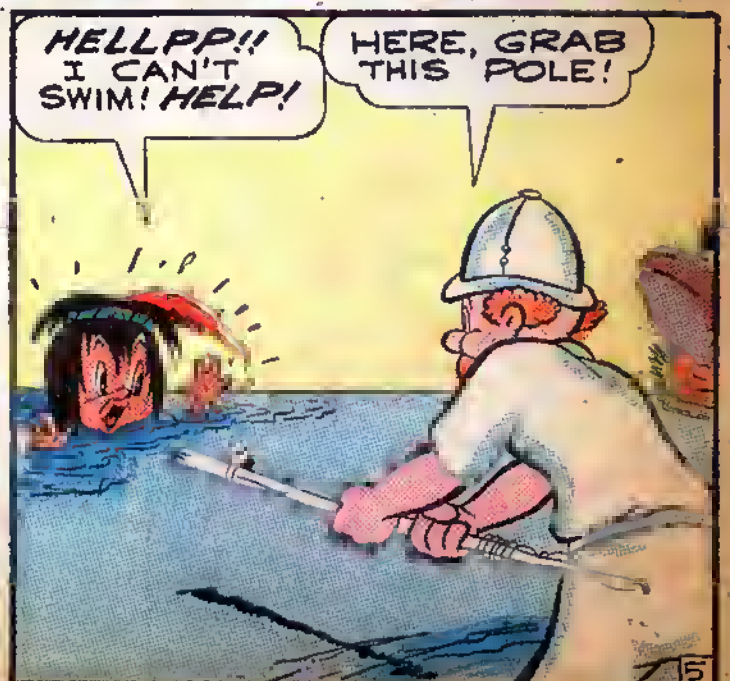
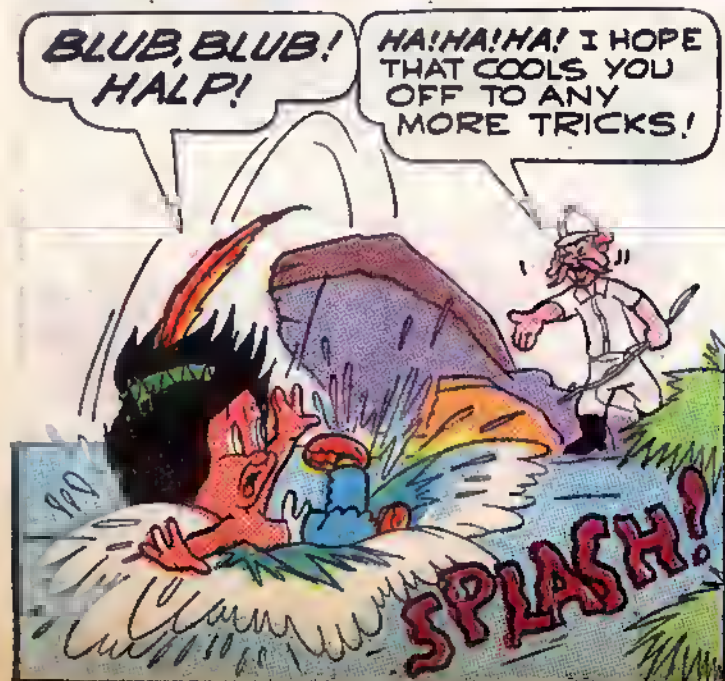
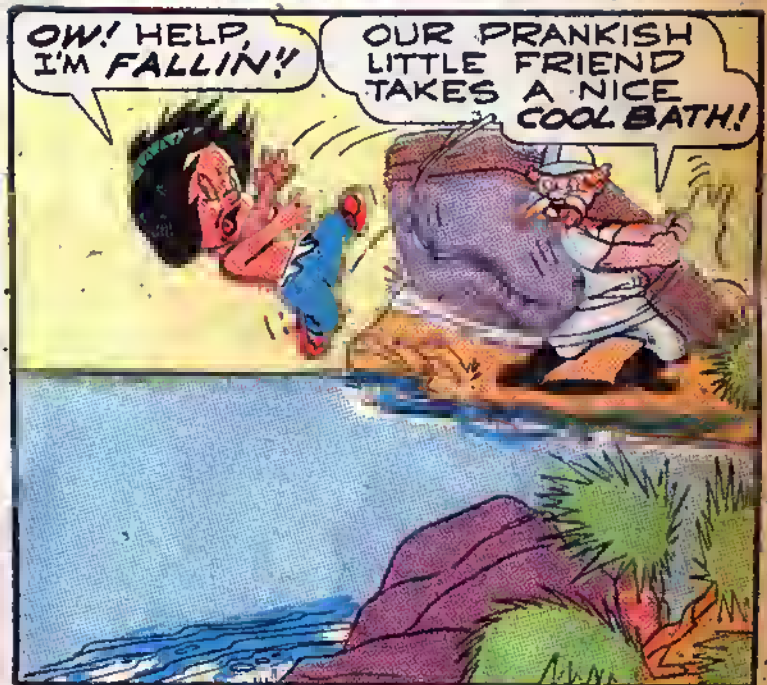
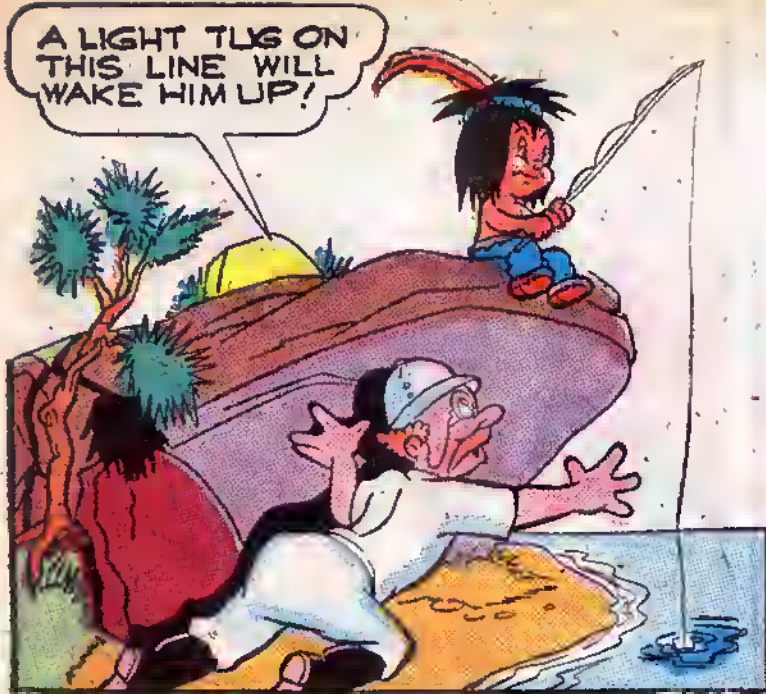
I'LL SHOW HIM SOME REAL
ARROWHEADS EVEN IF I
HAVE TO PLANT 'EM! HA! HA!

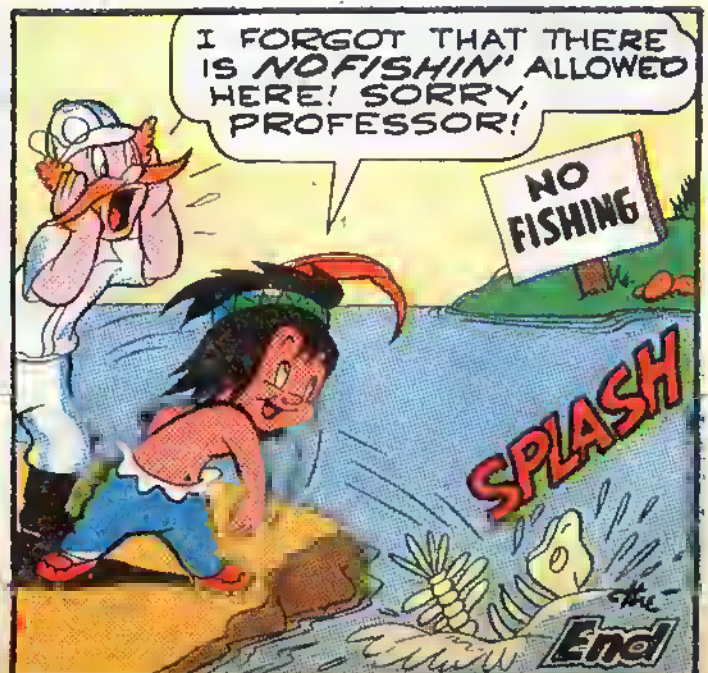
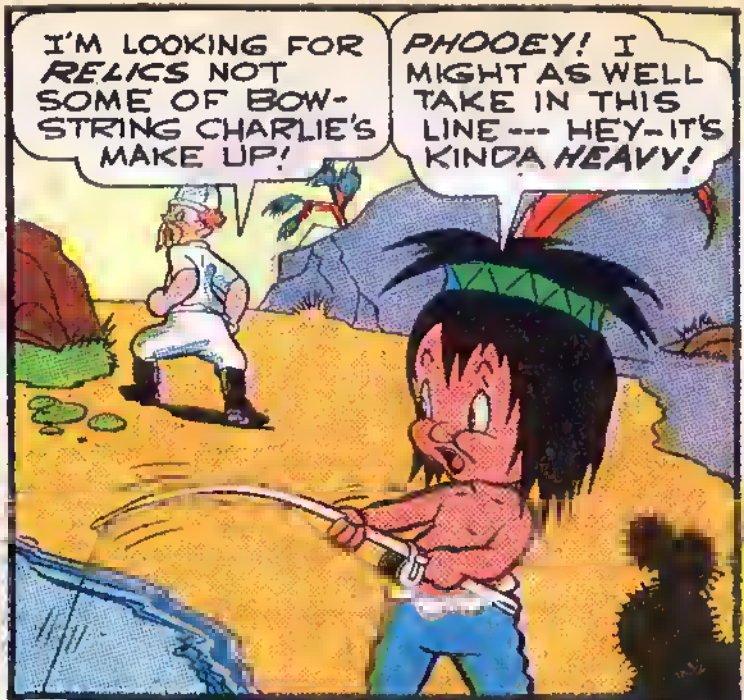


EUREKA! -- I'VE
FOUND THEM AT
LAST! REAL
RELIC
ARROWHEADS!



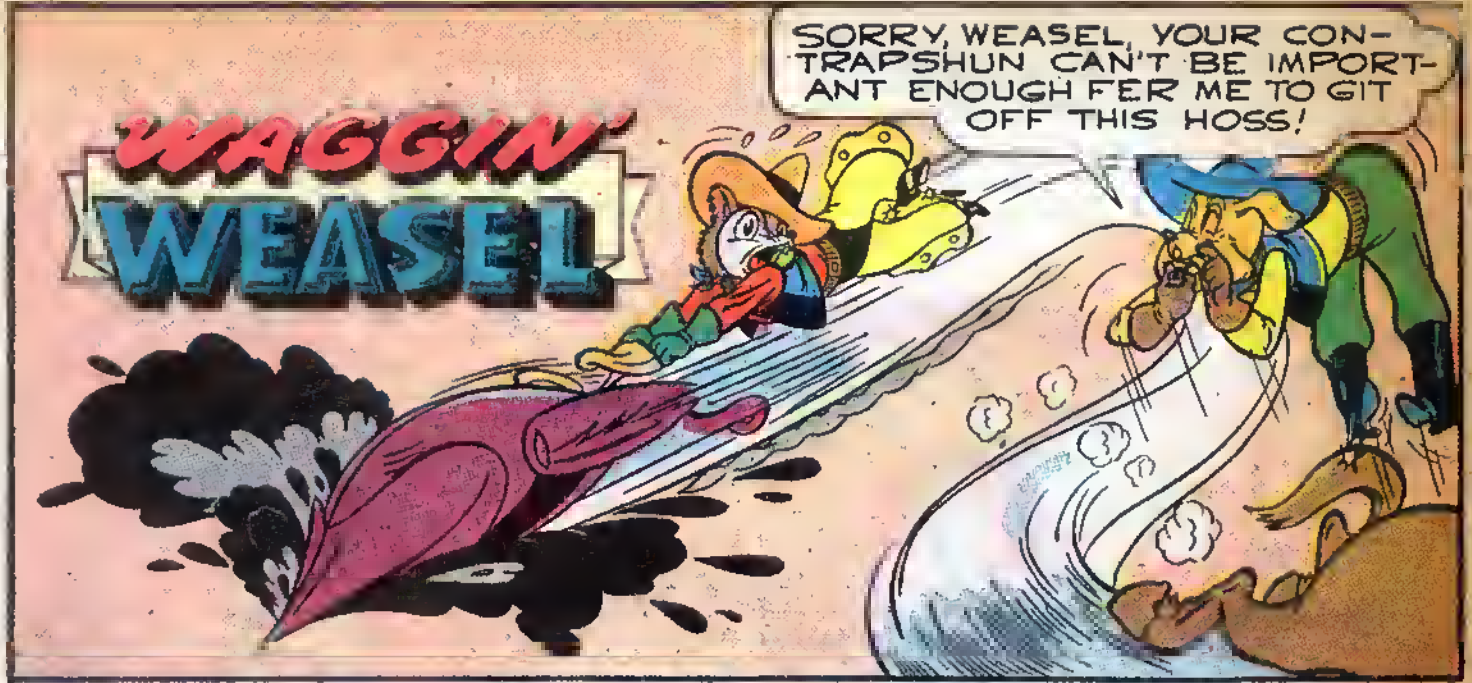






WAGGIN' WEASEL

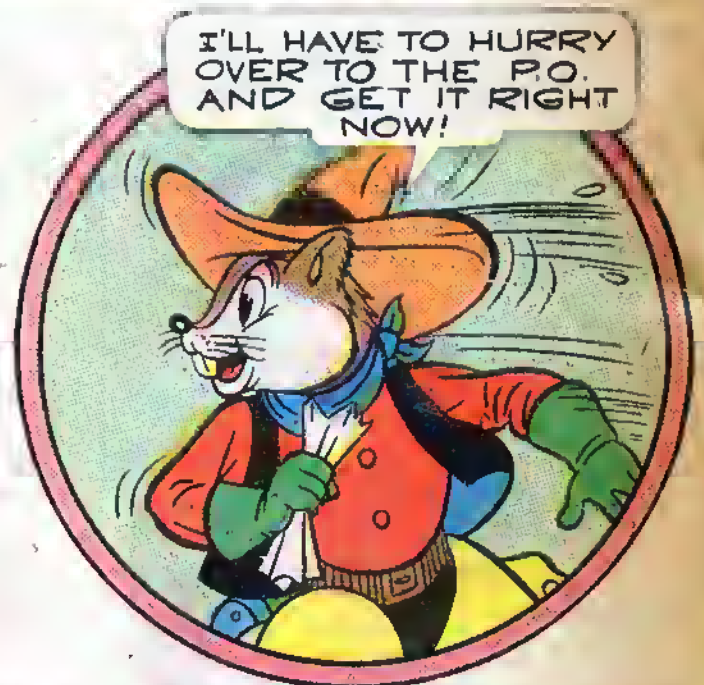
SORRY, WEASEL, YOUR CON-
TRAPSHUN CAN'T BE IMPORT-
ANT ENOUGH FER ME TO GIT
OFF THIS HOSS!



IT'S ARRIVED
AT LAST!



I'LL HAVE TO HURRY
OVER TO THE P.O.
AND GET IT RIGHT
NOW!

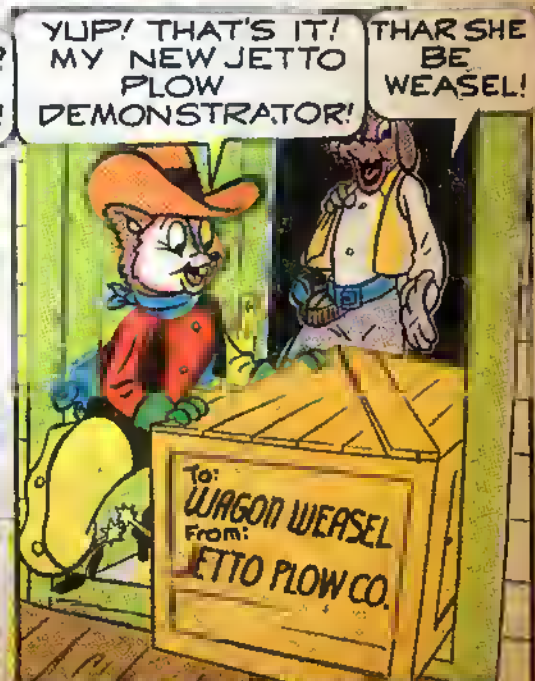
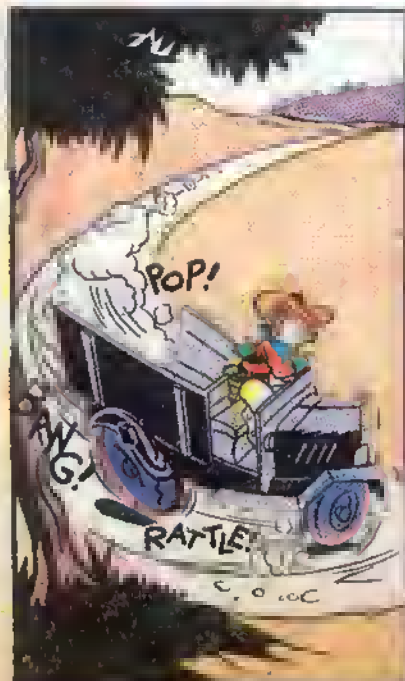


SAY, HAVE YA
GOT ANYTHING
FOR WAGON
WEASEL? THAT'S
ME!

WAGON
WEASEL?
OH,
SHORE!

YUP! THAT'S IT!
MY NEW JETTO
PLOW
DEMONSTRATOR!

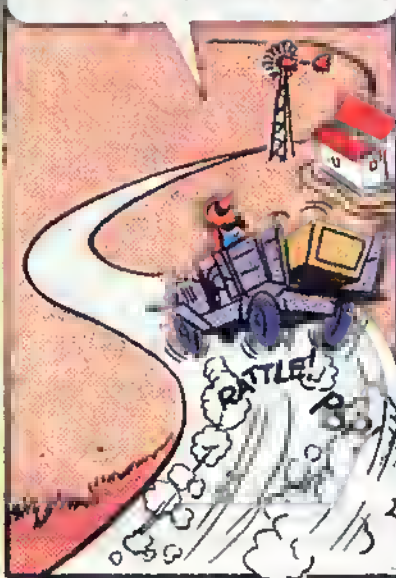
THAR SHE
BE
WEASEL!



I'LL HUSTLE THIS
RIGHT OVER TO
FARMER SILO AND
DEMONSTRATE IT!
HE'LL BE MY FIRST
CUSTOMER!

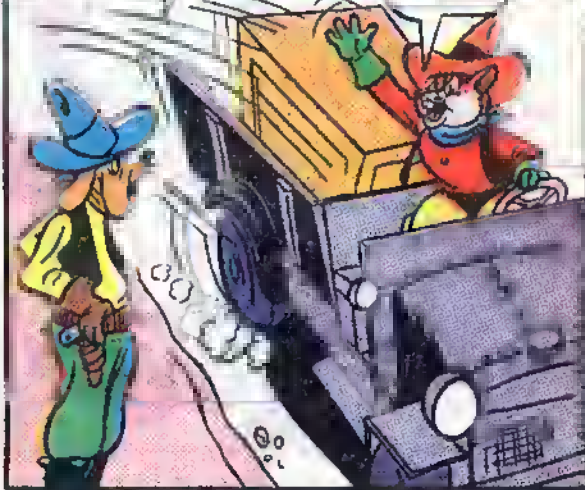


THIS THING WILL
OPEN OL' SILO'S
EYES! YES SIREE!

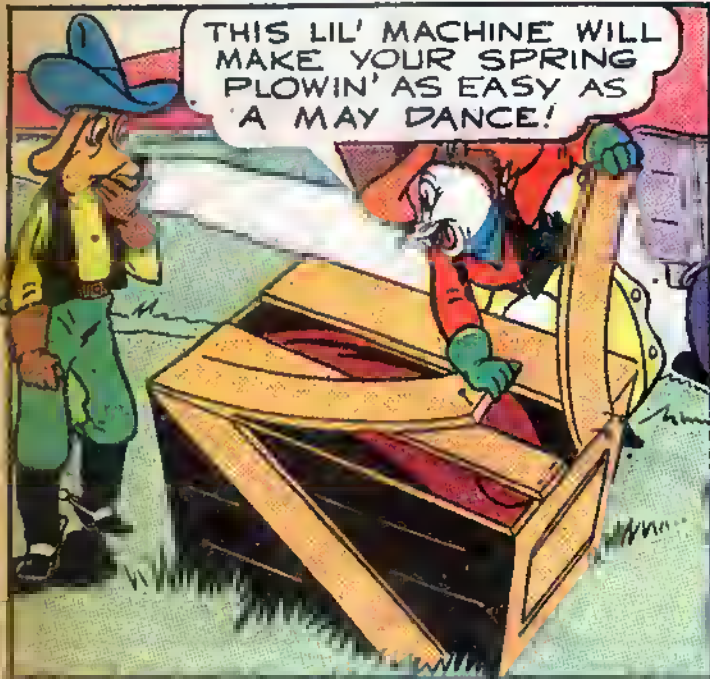


WHAT IN TAR-
NATION ARE
YER UP TO
NOW, WEASEL?

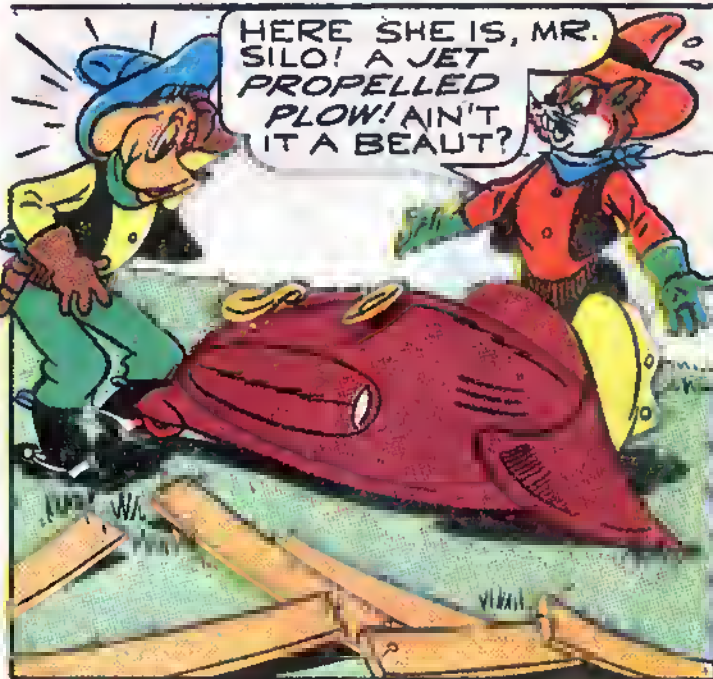
HIYA! MR.
SILO! WAIT'LL
YA SEE
WHAT I
HAVE TASHOW
YA!



THIS LIL' MACHINE WILL
MAKE YOUR SPRING
PLOWIN' AS EASY AS
A MAY DANCE!



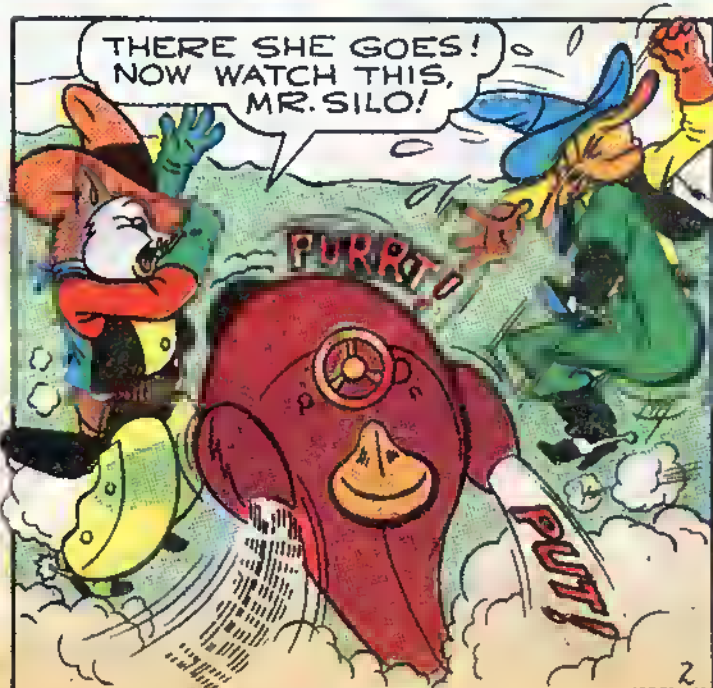
HERE SHE IS, MR.
SILO! A JET
PROPELLED
PLOW! AIN'T
IT A BEAUT?

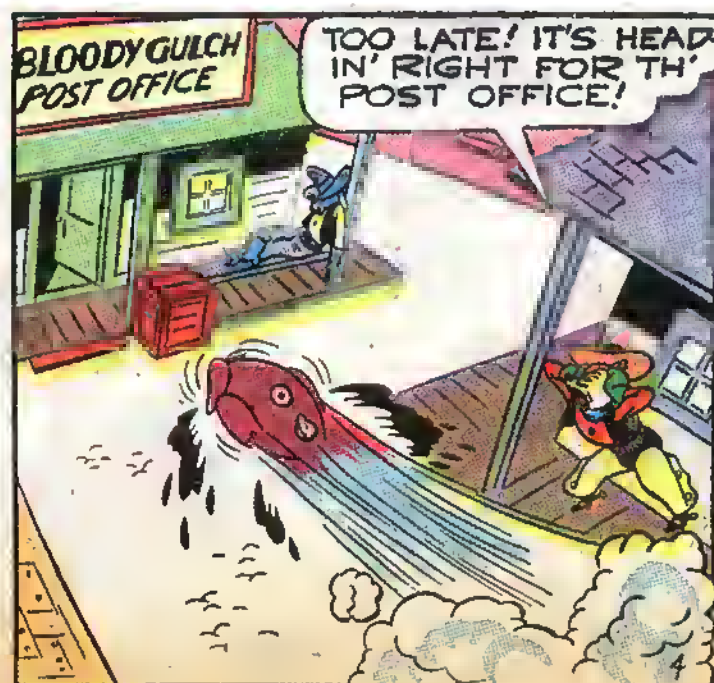
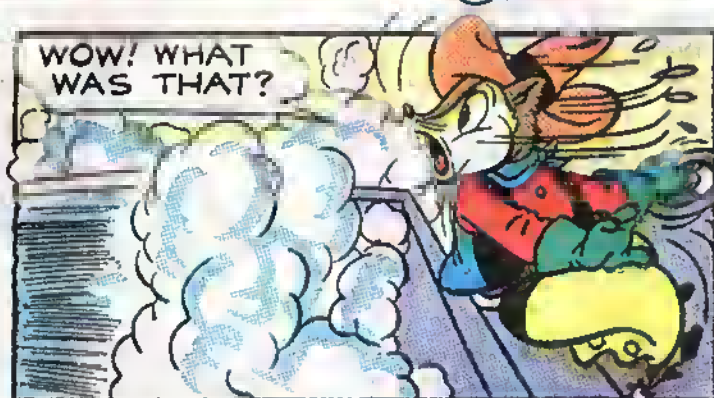
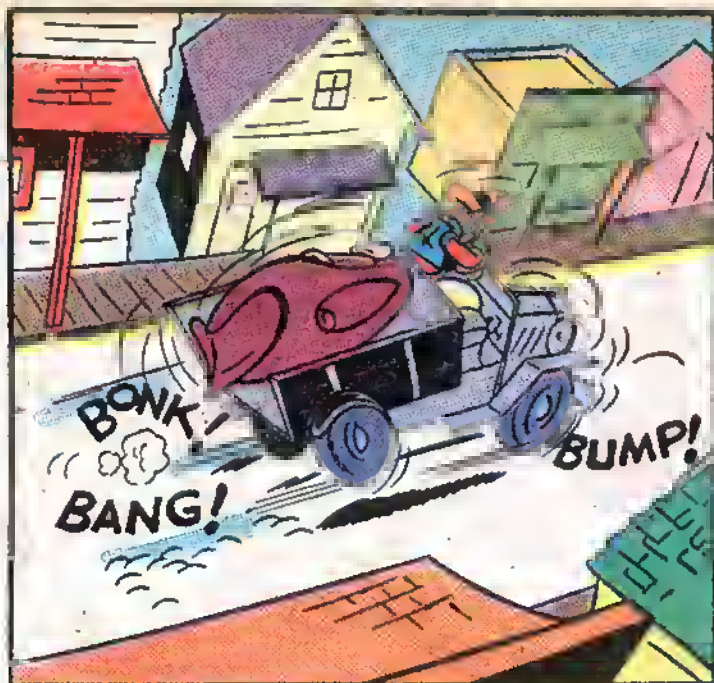
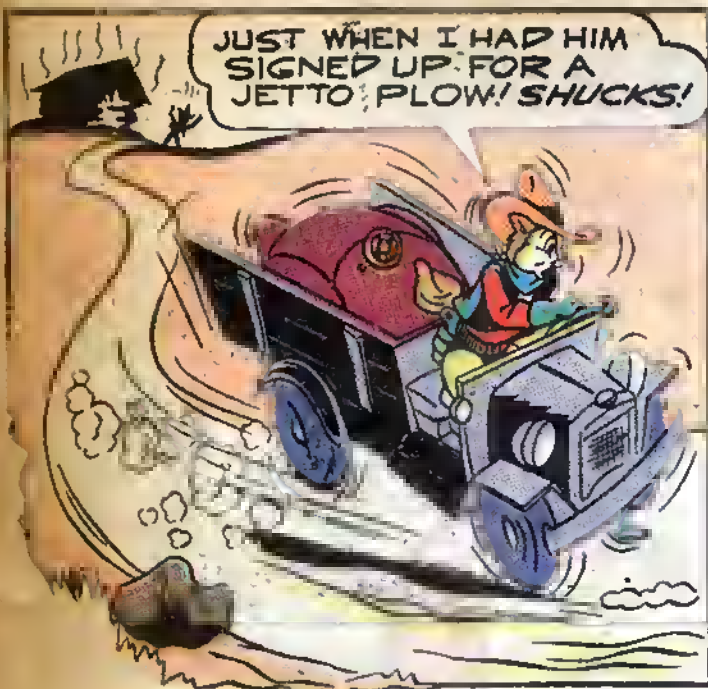


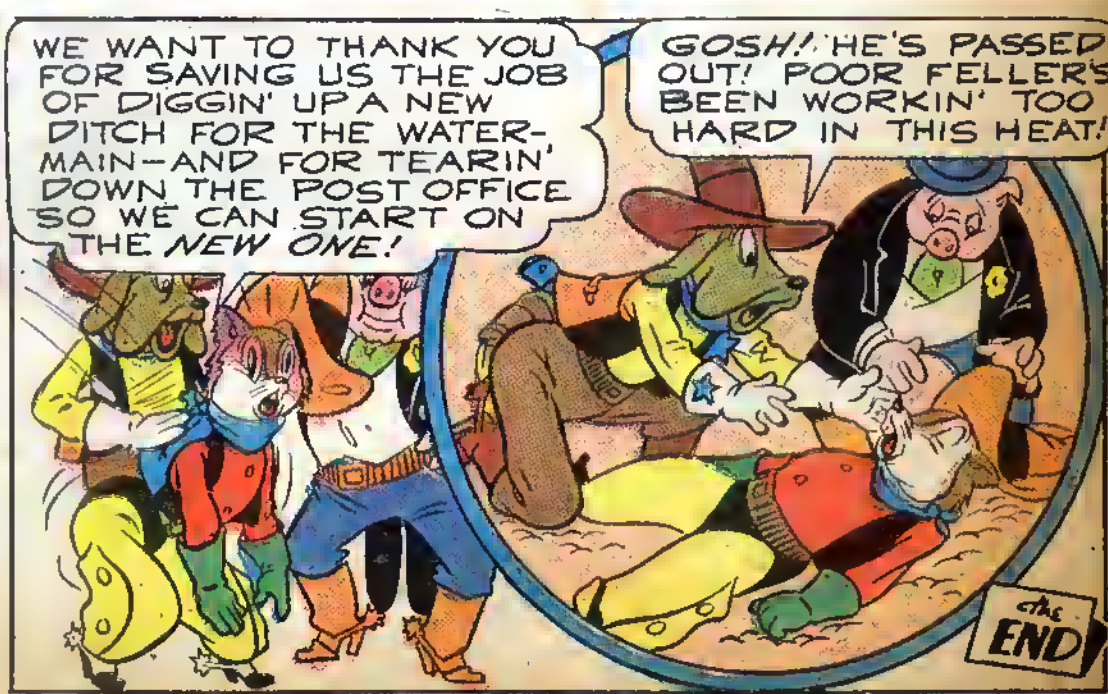
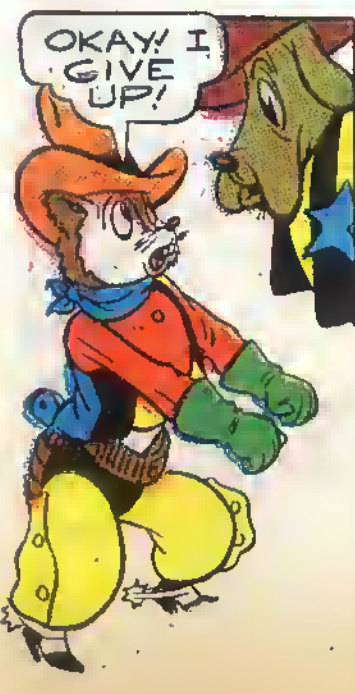
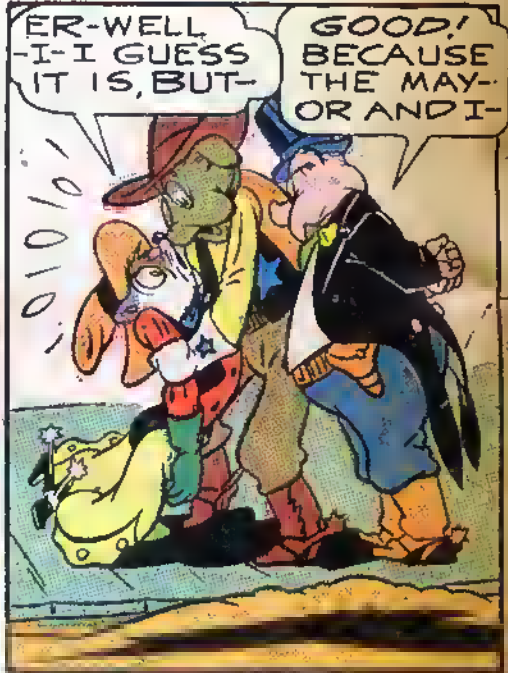
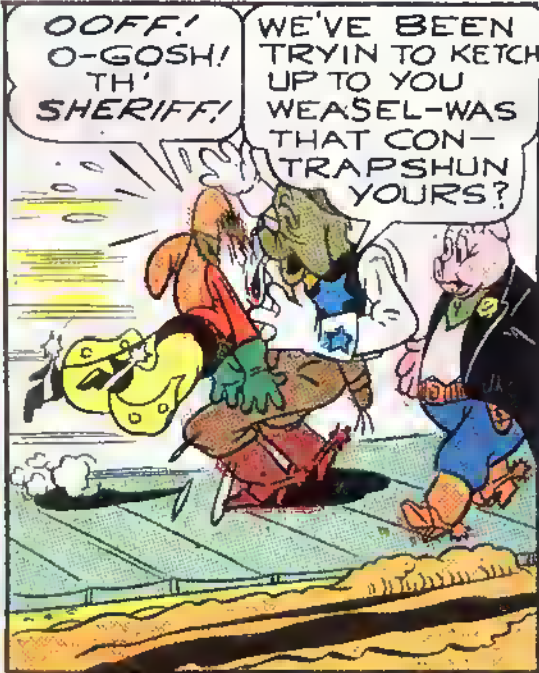
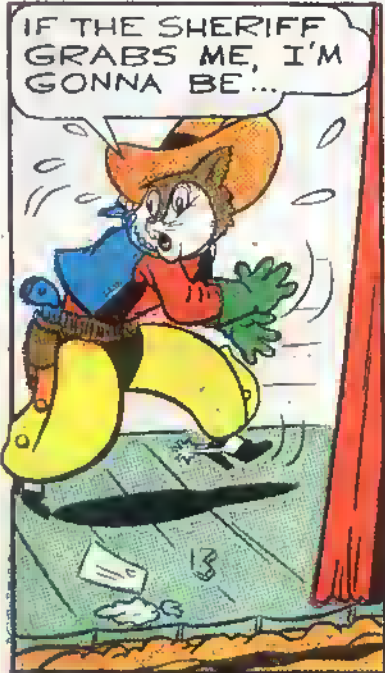
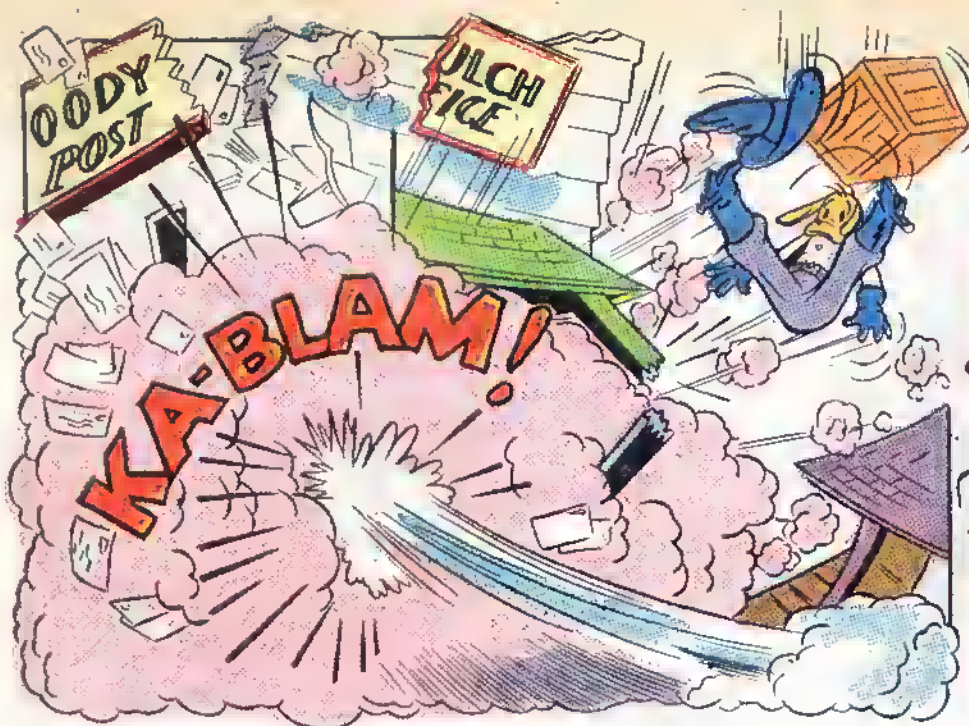
I'LL SHOW YA WHAT
IT'LL DO IN A
MINUTE!



THERE SHE GOES!
NOW WATCH THIS,
MR. SILO!







Weazel thought hard. He'd outwit that fox. And now he could just about place where that stranger came from. He came out of the North! He'd heard a man talk like that in a movie, and he came from a county called Brooklyn. Well, that was a clue!

That night when everyone was having grub, Waggin' snuck up to the stranger's room. This was against ranch rules—but the critter was a crook! Waggin' looked through the Brooklyn man's pockets and the dresser drawers. He found nothing. Only an old card that read: "Good luck in the new job, dear. Come home soon!" No signature. Found nothin'! Why this proved it. The post-card said "new job"—the job that Acme wanted to be handed over to him!

At eight sharp, Waggin' was in Sheriff Cuckoo's office, explaining the whole situation.

"As I see it, Weazel, there isn't much evidence. There's a party under suspicion. Am I right? Am I?"

"I guess so, Sheriff. But what can I do to catch the coyote? He's stealing my job!"

"I'll go up to the ranch with yuh, son. We'll see if he shows his hand. I need somethin' concrete to proceed on. Somethin' concrete. Am I right?"

At the ranch, everyone was gathered in the main sitting room, talking. The stranger was there, and he was doing most of the saying. The Sheriff and Weazel sat down.

"I come up here to wait for my company. When they get here I got a job. Waited for five years for this opportunity. What a break! Looks like the old luck sign is on me at last! This is the pay-off!"

Weazel looked at the Sheriff.

"Uh, I don't want to be soundin' inquisitive son, but whut kind of work are yuh aimin' tuh do? Always like to know about new projects."

"Well, but, it's kinda secret stuff. Real hush-your-mouth business. You'll have the know-all when my company gets here."

Weazel looked hard at the Sheriff.

Then the conversation turned to other things—the chores for the next day on the ranch, and the coming Amateur night. Weazel got restless. He walked out into the night, leaving the Sheriff behind.

As he walked down the road he heard the zooming of a high-powered motor car. It whizzed up and came to a screeching stop. A man in city clothes leaned out of the roadster.

"I'm looking for a place called the Bar-None. Can you direct me?"

Weazel got on the running board and drove with them to the ranch. When the car stopped, Weazel asked the man excitedly:

"Are you from the Acme Acme Ace Star Co., Inc.? If yuh are, ah'm the man yuh want, and that crook representative of yours is inside!"

"Why, no, I'm not with them at all. I am looking for a new man I had sent out here. I was told I could find him at the Bar-None."

They walked in to the sitting room and the Brooklyn man got up. "A.G.! Here I am! All delivered and drooling to take a flier at that new sharp job!"

The two men walked off to the corner and talked. Weazel told the Sheriff how the new visitor had denied any part of the Acme outfit. and yet knew the Brooklyn swindler.

Soon another car was heard driving up, and a crowd of people swarmed into the room. Their conversation overflowed with, "Darling!" "Isn't it too, too wonderful!" and many exclamations the like of which had rarely, if ever, been heard on the Bar-None. And the ladies wore silk stockings and the men had grease on their hair!

Ma Stomp came up and asked what they wanted. The first man in the car explained:

"We're making a new picture in your beautiful country, Madam, and we're going to be here for about two weeks. Think you can put us up?"

"Pitcher?" Ma asked. "Yuh mean the flicker stuff they got in town? You from Hollystone—or whatever it is?"

"Hollywood, ma'am. And this first boarder here is our new star, imported from New York. Name of the picture is "The Dream of Brooklyn"! Terrific! Colossal!"

Weazel went to bed without talking any further with the sheriff. The crowd talked and laughed most of the night.

Next morning, Ma Stomp knocked on the door and shoved a letter under. Waggin' read it:

Dear Sir:

Pursuant to our previous notice, this will introduce our representative, Mr. Rotts.

Sincerely,

Acme Acme Ace Star Co., Inc.

The man wanted Weazel to be the first to invest one thousand dollars in a monument to be erected in memory of Sitting Bull. As a leading citizen, Weazel was the man they thought would start the campaign.

The leading citizen threw Mr. Rotts down the stairs.

watch for
the **now** **A-1** !

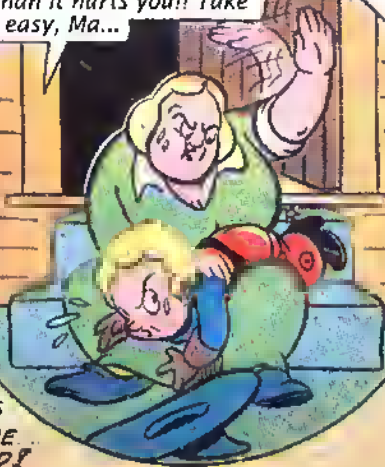
A-1
No. 8

introducing —
RODEO RYAN

10¢



OWW! This hurts me much more than it hurts you!! Take it easy, Ma...



HP gets
it in **THE**
END!